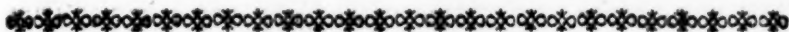


THE
Court, City and Country Magazine,
For M A Y, 1764.



ORIGINAL PIECES.

To the Printer of the Court Magazine.

Bellisfe Coffee-house, May 26, 1764.

IF possible, Sir, cram this letter into any corner of the Court Magazine—If I am rather of the latest in the month, the obligation will be the greater, and I will endeavour to merit the favour you do me by any good office in my power—I am an author, Sir, and may therefore be able to oblige you in return—For instance, if you are a single man, I will write an Epithalium on your future marriage, and give all the graces of the Venus de Medicis, to the lady whom you shall honour with your hand—and this I will do, altho' she should happen to be hump-backed, blind of an eye, and have no nose at all—or if, Sir, you are already married, I will get an Ode ready against the birth of your first child—or, again,

Sir, if you never intend to marry at all, I will pen you an Essay in praise of the single life, which you may shew to your acquaintance as your own—but if neither of these offers please you, I will write your Epitaph; and if you should come to be hanged, you may depend on me for a dying speech—Now, Sir, all the favour I would request of you in return for these offers of mine, is, that you will let the world know, that I am a poor dog of an author, who know not how to get bread for a wife and three small children, though I am allowed to excel in several kinds of composition; and for education, Sir,—why I have more Greek than half the bench of bishops—the misfortune, Mr. Printer, is this: the trade is overstocked—

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we have no less than six Writers of Essays, five Bible Commentators, four Dictionary Builders, seven Professors of Arts and Sciences—and thirty-four Rebus and Conundrum Merchants sprung up within these three months—It was but Yesterday, Sir, that my wife was forced to pawn her last petticoat (which by the way don't much signify this warm weather) to purchase a dinner, because, forsooth, one of my masters has employed a fellow to write Poetry for three of the Magazines by the pound—to be sure, Sir, the man is a genius—and writes apace; but I think him a villain for unworking the trade; nor is he most just to himself; for one month with another he cannot make more than two shillings and nine-pence by his labour, and I have frequently made five or six shillings of my

Poetry for One Magazine only but then, indeed, I sold my Manuscripts by hand, for I scorn to ~~weigh~~ *weigh* Originals for any man living—Now, Sir, as I am like to be a looser by these Innovators, and as I am somewhat troubled with a certain disorder called Appetite, I beg you will make my compliments to the Booksellers, and inform them that I am ready to enter into articles with any one of them all to write 1500 lines of Poetry, or 2500 of Prose one week with another, provided I may be certain of not standing at a lower salary than 10d a day—A line left at the Goose and Gridiron, in St. Paul's Church-yard, will come safe to the hands of

Your devoted Servant,

PEGASUS BAREBONES.

Rules for the Preservation of Health.

THE natural constitution of the body of man is such, that it may easily bear some changes and irregularities, without much injury; had it been otherwise, we should be almost constantly put out of order by every slight cause. This advantage arises from those wonderful communications of the inward parts, whereby, when one part is affected, another comes immediately to its relief. Thus, when the body is too full and overloaded, nature causes evacuations thro' some of its outlets: And for this reason it is, that diseases from inanition are generally more dangerous, than from repletion; because we can more expeditiously diminish, than increase, the juices of the body.

Upon the same account also, though temperance be beneficial to all men, the ancient physicians advised persons in good health, and their own masters, to indulge a little now and then, by eating and drinking more plentifully than usual. But, of the two, intemperance in drinking is safer than in eating. And, if a person has committed excess in the latter, cold water, drank upon a full stomach, will help digestion; to which it will be of service to add lemon-juice, or elixir of vitriol, if he has eaten high-seasoned things, rich sauces, &c. Then let him sit up for some little time, and afterwards sleep. But, if a man happens to be obliged to fast, he ought to avoid all laborious

rious work. From satiety it is not proper to pass directly to sharp hunger, nor from hunger to satiety; neither will it be safe to indulge absolute rest immediately after excessive labour, nor suddenly fall to hard work after long idleness. In a word, therefore, all changes, in the way of living, should be made by degrees.

It is also beneficial to vary the scenes of life, to be sometimes in the country; and sometimes in town; to go to sea, to hunt, to be at rest now and then, but more frequently to use exercise; because inaction renders the body weak and listless, and labour strengthens it. But a mean is to be observed in all these things, and too much fatigue to be avoided; for frequent and violent exercise overpowers the natural strength, and wastes the body; but moderate exercise ought always to be used before meals. Now, of all kinds of exercise, riding on horseback is the most convenient; or, if the person be too weak to bear it, riding in a coach, or at least in a litter: Next follow fencing, playing at ball, running, walking. But it is one of the inconveniencies of old age, that there is seldom, sufficient strength for using bodily exercise, though it be extremely requisite for health; wherefore frictions with the flesh brush are necessary at this time of life, which should be performed by the person himself, if possible; if not, by his servants.

Sleep is the sweet soother of cares, and restorer of strength, as it repairs and replaces the wastes that are made by the labours and exercises of the day. But excessive sleep has its inconveniencies; for it blunts the senses, and renders them less fit for the duties of

life. The proper time for sleep is the night, when darkness and silence invite and bring it on; day-sleep is less refreshing: Which rule if it be proper for the multitude to observe, much more is the observance of it necessary for persons addicted to literary studies, whose minds and bodies are more susceptible of injuries.

The softer and milder kinds of aliment are proper for children, and for youths the stronger. Old people ought to lessen the quantity of their food, and increase that of their drink. But yet some allowance is to be made for custom, especially in the colder climates like our's; for, as in these the appetite is keener, so is the digestion better performed.

For my part, after mature consideration, I am come to this way of thinking: That, although pleasures, riches, power, and other things, which are called the gifts of fortune, seem to be dealt out to mankind with too much partiality, yet, if we take in the whole compass of the matter, we shall find a greater degree of equality of those things which constitute real happiness, than is generally imagined. People of low condition, for the most part, enjoy the common advantages of life more commodiously than those of the highest rank. Wholesome food is acquired by moderate labour, which likewise mends the appetite and digestion: Hence sound sleep, uninterrupted by gnawing cares, refreshes the wearied limbs; a flock of healthy children fill the cottage; the sons grow up robust, and execute the father's task, making his hoary locks sit comfortable on him. How vastly inferior to these blessings

blessings are the vain delicacies of most persons of affluent fortune, which are closely attended with real evils ! In order to get down their food, their stomachs require high fauces, which heat and corrupt the blood, and render the body obnoxious to distempers ; the debauches of the day disturb their rest by night ; and, in punishment for their vices, their sons, the great ornament and support of families, contract diseases in their mother's womb, with which they are afflicted through the whole course of a languid life, which seldom reaches to old age. They are likewise frequently racked with anxieties for obtaining honours and splendid titles, so as to be despoiled of the comforts, which they might reap from their plentiful possessions, by the vain desire of new acquisitions. Wherefore.

————— Horum

Semper ego optarim pauperri-
mus esse bonorum.

I always wish'd to be extremely
poor in wealth like this.

But there is one great inconvenience more attending high living : That, by overloading the body, the faculties of the soul are clogged, and the passions set all on fire ; whereas, on the contrary, the slender and homely diet of the poor and laborious neither oppresses the strength of the body, nor supplies the vices with fuel. Therefore, unless prudence be a constant attendant on opulence,

Vivitur exiguo melius. —

'Tis better living on a slender fortune.

Nor is nature to be deemed an unjust step-mother, but a most provident and beneficent parent.

Upon the whole, it behoves a wise man, in every stage of life,

——— Servare modum, finemque
tenere,

Naturamque sequi.

——— To hold the golden mean,
To keep the end in view, and
follow nature.

But whosoever forms a right judgment of human nature will certainly find, that, as some men are vastly superior to others in the endowments of the mind, and yet (a sad reflection !) even the best minds are blinded with some degree of depravity ; so the most healthy bodies are frequently afflicted with great infirmities ; and these being the seeds of death, ought to put us in mind of the shortness of this life, and of the propriety of this expression of Lucretius :

Vitaque mancupio nulli datur,
omnibus usu :

None have a right to life, all to its use.

And, likewise, that there is no absurdity in this saying, " The whole man, from his birth, is " a disease."

An Address to all Snuff-takers.

THERE is a filthy practice, which is frequent among all ranks of people, though detestable even among the lowest. — The practice I mean, is, that of *begriming* the features with Snuff — I know not why people should be allowed to annoy their friends and acquaintance, by smearing their noses with a dirty powder, any more than in using an eye-ointment, or rubbing their teeth with a dentifrice, before company.

If a stranger to this nasty custom was to observe almost every one "drawing out his pounce-box, and ever and anon giving it to his nose," he would be led to conclude, that we were no better than a nation of Hottentots; and that every one was obliged to cram his nostrils with a quantity of scented dirt, to fence them from the disagreeable smells of the rest of the company. Indeed, it might not be absurd in such a stranger to imagine, that the person he conversed with took snuff to prevent the effects of some stink; just in the same manner as it is common to hold our noses against the smell of a fir-reverence.

It is customary among those polite people, the Dutch, to carry with them every where their short dingy pipes, and smoke and spit about the room even in the presence of ladies. This piece of good breeding, however ridiculous it may seem, is surely not more offensive to good manners than the practice of snuff taking; A very Dutchman would think it odd, that a people, who pretend to politeness, should be continually snuffing up a parcel of

tobacco-dust; nor can I help laughing, when I see a man every minute stealing out a dirty muc-ender, then sneaking it in again, as much ashamed of his pocket-companion, as he would be to carry a dish-clout about him,

It is, indeed, impossible to go into any large company without being disturbed by this abominable practice. The church and the playhouse continually echo with this music of the nose; and in every corner you may hear them in concert snuffing, sneezing, hawking, and grunting like a drove of hogs. The most pathetic speech in a tragedy has been interrupted by the blowing of noses in the front and side boxes; and I have known a whole congregation suddenly raised from their knees, in the middle of a prayer, by the violent coughing of an old lady, who has been almost choked by a pinch of snuff, in giving vent to an ejaculation. A celebrated actor has spoiled his voice by this absurd treatment of his nose, which has made his articulation as dull and drowsy as the hum of a bag-pipe; and the parson of our parish is often forced to break off in the middle of a period, to snort behind his white handkerchief.

Is it not a wonder that snuff, which is certainly an enemy to dress, should yet gain admittance among those, who have no other merit than their cloaths? I am not to be told, that your men of fashion take snuff only to display a white hand perhaps, or the brilliancy of a diamond ring; and I am confident, that numbers would never have defiled them.

themselves with the use of snuff, had they not been seduced by the charms of a fashionable box. The man of taste takes his *Strafburgh veritable tabac* from a right Paris paper box; and the pretty fellow uses a box of polished metal, that, by often opening it, he may have the opportunity of stealing a glance at his own sweet person, reflected in the lid of it.

Though I abhor snuff-taking myself, and would as soon be smothered in a cloud raised by smoking tobacco, as I would suffer the least atom of it to tickle my nose; yet am I exposed to many disgusting inconveniencies from the use of it by others. Sometimes I am choaked by drawing in with my breath some of the finest particles together with the air; and I am frequently set a sneezing by the odorous effluvia arising from the boxes that surround me. But it is not only my sense of smelling that is offended; you'll stare when I tell you, that I am forced to taste, and even to eat and drink this abominable snuff. If I drink tea with a certain lady, I generally perceive what escapes from her fingers swimming at the top of my cup; but it is always attributed to the foulness of the milk, or the dross of the sugar. I never dine at a particular friend's house, but I am sure to have as much rappee as pepper with my turnips; nor can I drink my table beer out of the same mug with him for fear of coughing from his snuff, if not the liquor going the wrong way. Such eternal snuff-takers as my friend should, I think, at meal times, have a screen flapping down over the nose and mouth, under which they might convey their food, as you may have seen at

the masquerade; or at least they should be separated from the rest of the company, and placed by themselves at the side-table, like the children.

This practice of snuff-taking, however inexcusable in the men, is still more abominable in the other sex. Neatness and cleanliness ought to be always cultivated among the women; but how can any female appear tolerably clean, who so industriously bedaubs herself with snuff? I have with pain observed the snow-white surface of an handkerchief or apron sullied with the scatterings from the snuff-box; and whenever I see a lady thus besmeared with Scotch or Havannah, I consider her as no cleaner than the kitchen-wench scouring her brasses, and begrimed with brick-dust and fullers-earth. Housewifery accomplishments are at present seldom required in a well-bred woman; or else I should little expect to find a wife in the least notable, who keeps up such a constant correspondence between her fingers and nose; nor indeed would any one think her hands at all fit to be employed in making a pudding.

It should be remembered by the younger part of your fair readers, that snuff is an implacable enemy to the complexion, which in time is sure to take a tinge from it: They should therefore be as cautious of acquiring a fallow hue from this bane, of a fair skin, as of being tanned or freckled by exposing their delicate faces to the scorching rays of the sun. Besides, as the nose has been always reckoned a principal ornament of the face, they should be as careful to preserve the beauty of it as of any other feature, and not suffer it to be undermined or bloated

bloated by so pernicious an application as Snuff-taking. For my own part, I should as soon admire a celebrated toast with no nose at all, as to see it prostituted to so vile a purpose. They should also consider, that the nose is situated very near the lips; and what relish can a lover find in the honey of the latter, if at the same time he is obliged to come into close contract with the former? Rather than Snuff-taking should prevail among the Ladies, I could wish it were the fashion for them to wear rings in their noses, like the savage nations; nay, I would even carry it still farther, and oblige those pretty females, who could be still slaves to Snuff, to have their nostrils bored through as well as their ears, and, instead of jewels,

to bear rolls of pigtail bobbing over their upper lips.

We cannot otherwise account for this fashion among the women, so unnatural to their sex, than that they want employment for their hands. It was formerly no reflection for a young lady to be seen in the best company, busied with her work; but a girl, now-a-days, would as soon be surprised in twirling a spinning-wheel, as in handling a thread-paper. The fan, or the snuff-box, are now the only implements they dare to use in public; yet surely it would be much more becoming to have the fore-finger pricked and scarified with the point of a needle, than to see it embrowned with squeezing together a filthy pinch of snuff,

*To the PROPRIETORS of the COURT and CITY
MAGAZINE.*

GENTLEMEN,

As the constant and regular Overflowings of the Nile, which are always preceded by a cooling northerly Wind, have occasioned so much Admiration, I presume the following Solutions of these Phænomena, from the second Part of the Bishop of Clogher's Vindication of the Histories of the Old and New Testament, will find a Place in your instructive Magazine.

Yours, &c.

J. H.

IT has always been observed, that, some time before the Nile begins to rise and overflow its banks, a cooling and refreshing wind blows from the north: That is, the northern winds begin to blow in May, and the river Nile begins to rise June. The

reason of which is this: That the sun, as he approaches the northern tropic, produces an extraordinary degree of heat in those climates, over which he vertically passeth; which occasions a draught of air from the more cold, and of consequence more ponderous, particles

§ 52 *Observations on the Overflowings of the River Nile*

cles of the more distant air. And as it is in the month of June, that the sun comes into the sign of Cancer, or the northern tropic, the air is then at the greatest degree of heat, that it ever riseth to in this northern hemisphere, and therefore the air from the north is most powerfully attracted at that time; but, as the approach of the sun is gradual, its attractive power begins to take effect, before it comes to its full height, and therefore causes the northern draught of air into Egypt to commence in the month of May.

And the reason, why the overflowings of the Nile constantly begin in the month of June, is because the rainy season, in the several climates within the tropics, always happens when the sun is nearest to them, that is, when he is exactly over their heads; at which time, there being a constant draught of air towards that place from all parts, east, west, north, and south, this occasions sometimes stinking and offensive calms; and, as by this means the clouds are driven together from all parts into this one place, this also frequently occasions such a concurrence of combustible matter, as produceth violent and dreadful storms of thunder and lightning; at which time the clouds, being also overloaded with watery vapours, discharge their burdens in such cataracts of rain, that the most violent showers that are ever seen in these temperate regions, are, when compared thereto, but gentle and refreshing rains.

And, as it is in the month of June, that the sun comes into the sign Cancer; or, which is the same

thing, as it is in the month of June that the sun makes his nearest approach to Egypt, therefore, as it passeth over Abyssinia, in its way towards Egypt, having filled the rivers of that country with water, the overflowings thereof must of consequence follow the course of the river, and tumble down into Egypt.

And, as the sun, when it is come to the northern tropic, returns back again towards the south, therefore, the rains being still continued in Abyssinia upon the return of the sun, as well as upon its approach, the overflowings of the Nile must of consequence continue to increase, till the sun hath repassed those mountains of Abyssinia, which supply the river Nile with its waters.

Now the reason why this appears odd to us is, because, in these northern regions, the driest and most pleasant season of the year is that of summer, when the sun comes nearest to us. But to those inhabitants of this globe, who live between the tropics, it is the reverse, the pleasantest and driest season of the year, to them, being when the sun is at the greatest distance; and their worst, most stormy, and rainy season, when the sun is vertically over them; At which time they are not only liable to be distressed by stagnating and noisome calms, but also by violent claps of thunder and lightning, which are frequently succeeded by such torrents of rain, and tornadoes, and hurricanes of wind, as are utterly unknown in these more temperate regions.

History of Marius and Lucinda.

DURING the late war between England and France, there served in the British troops a young officer, whose true name I shall conceal under that of Marius. Besides his commission, which was that of captain of foot, he had a small paternal estate, that descended to him from a very ancient and honourable family. His person was what might be justly stiled agreeable, and his parts and education seemed exactly suited to his birth, and to his employment. He had, joined to that frankness of behaviour which is observable in gentlemen bred in the army, a natural sweetness and affability of temper, which rendered him universally beloved by all that knew him. To a very good voice he added a competent skill in musick; and, what rarely happens, though he sung very well, yet he did it with little intreaty, and without the least affectation. Thus qualified, it is not to be wondered that Marius kept the best company. Was there a meeting of mirth or good-fellowship amongst the men, Marius was sure to be a guest: was there a ball, or other polite assembly of both sexes, Marius was sure to be invited.

After having spent two or three years entirely in Flanders, he at last, at the close of a campaign, obtained leave to come over for the winter, in order to take care of his private affairs in England. As soon as he arrived, he set out immediately for that part of the country where his estate lay; where, among the visits which on this occasion he paid the neighbouring, gentry, he happened, at a distant relation's of his own, to

see the fair Lucinda. She was niece to the lady of Marius's relation, who, on her parents dying, and leaving her very young, and with but a very slender fortune, had taken her into the house, and kept her ever since. Lucinda was then about 18, exquisitely beautiful, and of a temper far from being disagreeable; her greatest foible was a love of mean company, which was in some measure owing to that austerity with which she was treated by her uncle and aunt, which made her industriously shun their company, and keep as much as she could among the servants, where she enjoyed that freedom of which young people are naturally fond. This however had a very bad effect upon her, and was indeed the principal cause of her misfortunes, since thereby she lost by degrees the relish of genteel conversation, and hindered herself from having any taste of politer pleasures than such as were to be met with amongst them.

Marius was smitten at the first sight of Lucinda, and immediately made his addresses to her. The consent of her relations being easily obtained, in about a fortnight's time he was put in possession of what he thought he alone wanted to make him the happiest man in the world. Marius behaved himself in a manner very different from most modern husbands; he grew the fonder of Lucinda for being his wife; and there was not a day passed in which he did not give her marks of the most tender affection; he bought her cloaths, and every thing else, much superior to those of persons of the same quality;

may, he even grew near in his own expences that he might be profuse in her's. Lucinda for her part, could not but be sensible of the change, to the indulgence of a fond husband from the humours of a peevish aunt; and as she could not but consider Marius as the sole author of her happiness, she therefore seemed to treat him with the utmost love and esteem. In fine, they regarded themselves, and were regarded by every body else, as the happiest couple in the world.

But alas! how uncertain is human felicity! how fleeting is sublunary bliss! scarce had Marius been two months married, ere he received orders to repair to Germany. On this, settling his affairs, so as to make his wife as easy as possible in his absence, after taking a most affectionate leave of Lucinda, he set out for the army; but with that heaviness of soul which words are unable to express, and of which those only can be sensible who have felt the parting pangs of love.

Lucinda appeared at first inconsolable; she shut herself up in her apartment, saw no company, and behaved herself in such a manner, that one would have thought the loss of Marius would have broke her heart. Time, however, quickly lessened her grief: the violence of her affection was abated in a few days, and by degrees she resumed her natural gaiety and easiness of temper. There lived in the same town, where Marius left Lucinda, a barber. This fellow, who formerly had lived in London with some young rakes, as a *valet de chambre*, by affecting their pert insolent way of behaviour, and singing scraps of a few silly amorous songs, which he had learnt in

their service, passed in the country for a wit, and a person of fine breeding. This rascal, by some means or other, found a way to converse with Lucinda, who, by having a slender education, and a natural proneness to low company, grew by degrees fond of his nauseous flattery, and frequently admitted his visits. At first, she was very cautious in the carrying on this scandalous amour; but as a progress in vice makes persons of course the less sensible of shame, so the fellow likewise, proud of his conquest, behaved himself so, that it at last became a common town talk; all who heard it pitying Marius and blaming Lucinda.

Time and absence, on the contrary, made no alteration in Marius; he collected, wherever he came, the finest laces, linens, and other female ornaments, as presents for Lucinda, who, on his arrival, received him with all the transports of joy and fondness. But he had not been long returned ere her imprudent conduct in his absence reached his ears. Love and resentment racked him for a while; but at last his passion for Lucinda prevailed. He reproached her in the most moving terms with ingratitude, while she, throwing herself at his feet, and embracing his knees, acknowledged she had indeed committed some indiscretions, but positively denied her having gone any farther; and then, with a thousand solemn protestations, promised never to offend again. In fine, Marius not only forgave her, but seemed to study to shew by all his actions, that he had entirely blotted it from his memory. They passed in this manner near three months, with much seeming tranquillity; when the

the campaign approaching, Marius, in order to enjoy his Lucinda's company as long as possibly he could, carried her with him to a small village within a few miles of Harwich; where, after taking a passionate farewell, he left her. The vessel, on board of which he embarked, after putting out to sea, received so severe a shock by a tempest, that though they put back to Harwich as soon as possible, yet the captain declared she was so much damaged, that it would be two days at least before she could sail. On this, Marius, without refreshing himself after the fatigue of the storm, set out for the village where he left Lucinda. When he arrived it was

towards evening, and Lucinda was gone to take a walk. Marius went up into her chamber, and finding a letter open on the table, it appeared to be an answer to a passionate billet she had wrote to the barber almost the moment of his departure. In the midst of that agony of soul which seized him on this occasion, Lucinda entered. Marius, with a sternness which his looks never knew before, commanded her to go to bed; she trembled, and obeyed; but was scarcely covered with the cloaths, ere with one pistol he killed her, and with the other dispatched himself. Thus fell the unhappy Marius; thus perished the perfidious Lucinda.

Reflections on Politeness.

Politeness is one of those advantages which we never estimate rightly but by the inconvenience of its loss. Its influence upon the manners is constant and uniform, so that, like an equal motion, it escapes perception. The circumstances of every action are so adjusted to each other, that we do not see where an error could have been committed, and rather acquiesce in its propriety, than admire its exactness.

But as sickness shews us the value of ease, a little familiarity with those who were never taught to endeavour the gratification of others, but regulate their behaviour merely by their own will, will soon evince the necessity of established modes and formalities to the happiness and quiet of common life.

Wisdom and virtue are by no means sufficient without the supplemental laws of good-breeding

to secure freedom from degenerating to rudeness, or self-esteem from swelling into insolence; and a thousand offences may be committed, and a thousand offices neglected without any remorse of conscience, or reproach from reason.

The true effects of genuine politeness seems to be rather ease than pleasure. The power of delighting must be conferred by nature, and cannot be delivered by precept, or obtained by imitation; but though it be the privilege of a very small number to ravish and to charm, every man may hope, by rules and cautions, not to give pain, and may, therefore, by the help of good-breeding, enjoy the kindness of mankind, though he should have no claim to higher distinctions.

The universal axiom in which all complaisance is included, and

from which flow all the formalities which custom has established in civilized nations, is that no man should give preference to himself. A rule so comprehensive and certain, that, perhaps, it is not easy for the mind to image an incivility, without supposing it to be broken.

There are, indeed, in every place, some particular modes of the ceremonial part of good-breeding, which, being arbitrary and accidental, can be learned only by habitude and conversation; such are the forms of salutation, the different gradations of reverence, and all the adjustments of place and precedence. These, however, may be often violated without offence, if it be sufficiently evident, that neither malice nor pride contributed to the failure, but will not atone, however rigidly observed, for the tumour of

insolence, or petulance of contempt.

I have, indeed, not found among any part of mankind, less real and rational complaisance than among those who have passed their time in paying and receiving visits, in frequenting public entertainments, in studying the exact measures of ceremony, and in watching all the variations of fashionable courtesy.

They know, indeed, at what hour they may beat the door of an acquaintance, how many steps they must attend him towards the gate, and what interval should pass before his visit is returned, but seldom extend their care beyond the exterior and unessential parts of civility, nor refuse their vanity any gratification, however expensive to the quiet of another.

The Party-coloured SHIELD. A FABLE.

IN the days of knight-errantry and paganism, one of our old British princes set up a statue to the Goddess of Victory in a point where four roads met. In her right hand she held a spear, and rested her left upon a shield, the outside of which was gold, and the inside of silver. On the former was inscribed, in the old British language, "To the goddess ever favourable," and on the other, "For four victories obtained successively over the Picts and other inhabitants of the northern islands."

It happened one day, that two knights completely armed, the one in black armour, and the other in white, arrived from opposite parts of the country at this statue, nearly

at the same time; and as neither of them had seen it before, they stopped to read the inscription, and observe the excellence of the workmanship. After contemplating it for some time. "This golden shield," said the black knight—"If I have any eyes," (interrupted the white knight; who was strictly observing the opposite side) "it is silver." "I know nothing of your eyes, replied the black knight; but if ever I saw a golden shield in my life, this is one." "Yes, returned the white knight smiling, it is very probable indeed, that they should expose a shield of gold in so public a place as this; for my part I wonder that even a silver one is not too strong a temptation for the

the devotion of some persons who pass this way; and it appears, by the date, that this has been here above three years."

The black knight could not bear the sarcastic smile with which the white knight had delivered his observations, and grew so warm in the dispute, that it soon ended in a challenge; they both therefore turned their horses, and rode back far enough to have sufficient space for their career, then fixed their spears in their rests, and flew at each other with the greatest fury and impetuosity. Their shock was so rude, and the blow on each side so effectual, that they both fell to the ground greatly wounded and bruised, and lay there for some time as in a trance. In this condition they were found by a Druid, who happened to be travelling that way. The Druids were in those days both the physicians and the priests. He had about him a sovereign balsam which he had composed himself; for he was very skilful in all the plants that grew either in the fields or forests; he staunched the blood, applied his balsam to their

wounds, and brought them, as it were, from the regions of the dead.

As soon as he found them sufficiently recovered, he began to enquire into the occasion of their quarrel. "Why this man, cried the black knight, will have it, that yonder shield is silver." "And he will have it, replied the white knight, that it is gold;" and then told him all the particulars of the affair. "Ah! said the Druid, with a sigh, you are both of you, my brethren, in the right, and both of you in the wrong; had either of you given himself time to look on the opposite side of the shield, as well as that which first presented itself to his view, all this passion and bloodshed might have been prevented. There is however a very good lesson to be learned from the evils that have befallen you on this occasion. Permit me therefore to intreat you by all our gods, and by this goddess of victory in particular, "Never to enter into any dispute for the future till you have fairly considered each side of the question."

The Westminster Horse-Races,

THE whole life of the GREAT Folks, whether INS or OUTS, whether at Westminster or Newmarket, is one continual Horse-Race; each endeavouring to get before the other, all their eyes fixed on the King's Plate, the subscription Purse, and the Great Sweepstakes; every one pushing, whipping, spurring, kicking, jockeying, crossing, and turning: in short, it is the same

thing whether the match be decided on Newmarket Course, or in St. Stephen's Chapel. In both of these places we have lately heard of some very close heats, as will partly appear by the following List:

1762—OCTOBER MEETING.
Lord Bute's *Favourite* (the noted SCOTCH STALLION) won the King's Plate; beating Mr. Pitt's famous horse *Guide* (who had won

won several Plates in different parts of England) and Lord Temple's bald-faced mare, *Moll Gawky*.—Betts before starting—*Favourite* against the field.

1763—SPRING MEETING.

Noblemen and Gentlemen's Great Subscription.

Lord Bute's dun horse, *Treasurer*, 1st
 Lord Holland's black horse, *Paymaster*, 2d
 Lord Halifax's brown mare, *Falconer*, 3d
 Sir F. Dashwood's sorrel horse, *Redstreak*, 4th
 Duke of Newcastle's grey horse, *Smuggler*, aged, fell lame in running.
 Marquis of Rockingham's *Swifts* dr.
 Lord Ashburnham's *Ranger* dr.
 Lord Kinoul's *Lancaster*, distanced, owing to his being rode in a Pelham Bit.
 Duke of Devonshire's *Old Whig* out of the course.
 Henry Bilson Legge's *Southampton* paid forfeit.
 Mr. Wilkes's horse, *LIBERTY*, rode by himself, took the lead at starting; but being pushed hard by Mr. Bishop's black gelding, *Privilege*, fell down at the Devil's Ditch, and was no where.

1763—OCTOBER MEETING.

KING'S PLATE.

Duke of Bedford's horse *President*, 1st
 George Grenville's *Gentle Shepherd*, 2d
 Lord Sandwich's *Jemmy Twitcher*, 3d
 Lord Egmont's *King John* 4th

Charles Townshend's horse, *Trimmer*, ran on the wrong side of the post.

Mr. Pitt's bay horse, *Guide*, was in training, for this match, and expected to enter at the post, but went off.

General A'Court's horse, *Major*, Col. Barre's *Governor*, and Gen. Conway's *Dragoon*, paid forfeit.

Great expectations from Ld. Shelburne's *Colt*, but he ran resty; and 'tis supposed he will not start any more. Some knowing ones, who had backed him for a considerable sum, were taken in deep.

Mr. Luther's *Colt*, 4 years old, wt. 8lt. 4lb. beat Mr. Conyers's *Freehold*, aged, weight 9lt.—'Twas observed at starting, that *Freehold* carried too much weight. However, 'tis thought he would have won the heat, had not a person, belonging to one of the public offices, crossed the course whilst he was running.

The Sweepstakes, over the Duke's Course, was won hollow by Lord Albemarle's *Havanna* from a great many others. But disputes having arisen, whether or not *Havanna* was duly qualified, part of the money is detained in the hands of the Clerk of the Course.

A P R I L 11.

The Second great match was decided between the two famous Persian horses, Mr. Sullivan's *Leader*, and Lord Clive's *Nabob*. Though *Leader*, won at the former Meeting, yet he barely saved his distance this time.—
 'Tis

'Tis said this remarkable difference in his running was owing to his having changed his rider.

Odds at starting—Six to four on Leader.

A true copy of the race list.

HEBER, jun.

A remarkable Anecdote of M. Boissi, a celebrated French Dramatic Writer.

M. Boissi, the author of several approved dramatic pieces, and especially of one which was deservedly esteemed, called *Le Francois à Londres*, (the Frenchman at London,) had not found himself exempt from the usual fate of those who cultivate the muses. Even that spot, said to be the least barren one of Parnassus, the theatre, had produced to him little more than a scanty maintenance for himself, his wife, and one child. In short, misfortunes, want of economy perhaps, or whatever else might be the cause, I cannot well say; but he was reduced to the most deplorable extremities of want.

In this condition, sinking under the indignities of his fate, he had, however, too much of that spirit which characterizes genius, to debase himself by mean applications or mendicant letters. He had friends, whose kindness his need of them had not exhausted, and whom, for that very reason, he was the more averse from troubling. But his friends were but the more inexcusable, if they knew his distress, not to save him the pain of an application. However, Boissi, overcome with the irksomeness of his circumstances, embraced a resolution of taking the shortest way out of the

wood, that of death. And in the light in which he considered it, as a friendly relief from further misery, he not only persuaded his wife to keep him company, but not to leave behind them a boy, a child of five years old, to the mercy of a world in which they had found so little. Probably the example of Richard Smith, in much the same situation, an example to which Voltaire's recording it gave such notoriety, might have its share in the fatal determination.

This resolution now formed of dying together, there remained nothing but to fix the manner of it. The most torturous one was chosen, that of hunger, not only as the most natural consequence of their condition, of which it might pass for the involuntary effect, but as it saved a violence which neither Boissi nor his wife could find in their hearts to use to one another. In that solitude then of their apartment, in which the unfortunate need so little apprehend their being disturbed, they resolved to wait with unshaken constancy the arrival of their deliverer, though under the meagre grim form of famine. They began then, and resolutely proceeded on their plan of starving themselves to death, with their child. If any
called

called, by chance, at their apartment, finding it locked, and no answer given, it was concluded that no-body was at home. Thus they had all the time they could wish to consummate their intention. But what can deceive or damp a true friend? They had one, it seems, of a fortune not much superior to their own, and whom, for that reason, and for the dread of being an inconvenience to him, they had never acquainted with the extremities to which they were actually driven. This friend had been one of those who had called at their apartment, and finding it shut up, naturally concluded, as others did, that Boissi and his family were gone out, or perhaps removed. Upon reflection however, or from that kind of instinct with which the spirit of friendship abounds, he began to apprehend that something must be much amiss with his friend, (though he could not guess what,) that he could neither find him at home, nor gain any intelligence about him. Under this anxiety, he returned to Boissi's apartment; and whether any motion or noise from within betrayed his being at home, or whether his friend began to suspect something of the matter, no answer being returned, he forced open the door.

Boissi and his wife had been so much in earnest, that it was now three days since they had taken any sustenance; inasmuch that they were now got so far on in their way to their intended home, that one may say they touched the gates of it.

The friend, entered as he was into the room where this scene of death was going forward, found them already in such a situation,

that they seemed insensible of his intrusion. Boissi and his wife had no eyes but for one another, and were not sitting, but supported from falling to the ground by two chairs, set opposite to each other; their hands locked together; and with their ghastly looks languidly dejected; in which might be read a kind of rueful compassion for the child that hung at the mother's knee, and seemed as if looking up to her for nourishment in its natural tenaciousness of life. This groupe of wretchedness did not less shock than afflict the friend. Soon collecting from circumstances the meaning of all this, his first care was not to expostulate with Boissi or his wife, but to engage them to receive his succours, in which he found no little difficulty. Their resolution had been taken in earnest; they were now got over the worst; and were in view of their port: The faintness which had succeeded the almost intolerable tortures of hunger, had deadened their sense to them and to life. They might besides conceive a false shame of not going through with what they had thus resolved; a kind of slur being too often imagined to attend a suicide begun and not finished, as if it supposed a failure of firmness. The friend however took the right way to reconcile them to life, by making the child join his intercession: The child, who could have none of the prejudices or reasons they might for not retracting, and who, though he had little life left, had still enough not to be out of love with it. The instinct however of self-preservation operating its usual effect, he held up his little hands, and, in concert with the friend

friend, entreated his parents to consent to all their relief. Nature did not plead in vain. The friend then proceeded, helpless and unattended as they were, to procure them immediate food, with proper precaution and cordials. Nor left he them till he had seen them in a way of recovery to life, and given them all the money he had about him. And thus Boissi, by his tender care, escaped at Paris, giving the second edition of the

tragedy of Prior Otway in London.

This story immediately took air; it reached the ears of Madam Pompadour, who instantly took him under her protection; sent him present relief, and procured the at length fortunate Boissi the place of comptroller of the *Mercur de France*, of no inconsiderable income, in spite of the endeavours of her brutal brother, the Marquis de Marigny, to divert her benevolence.

Some Account of the CANDIDATE. By C. Churchill.

THE author opens this poem with a recapitulation of the principal subjects on which he has already written, such as actors, authors, critics, Scotland, states, patriots, Wilkes, and himself; all which, as well as the province of Satire in general, he affects to disclaim, resolving for the present to employ himself in Panegyrick.—The patron whom he attempts to celebrate is no other than the Earl of Sandwich, one of his Majesty's principal secretaries of state, whom he invokes in the following strain:

Hail Sandwich—nor shall Wilkes
resentment shew

Hearing the praises of so brave a
foe—

Hail, Sandwich,—nor, thro' pride,
shalt thou refuse

The grateful tribute of so mean a
muse—

Sandwich, All Hail—when Bute
with foreign hand,

Grown wanton with ambition,
scourg'd the land,

When Scots, or slaves to Scotsmen
steer'd the helm,

When peace, inglorious peace,
disgrac'd the realm,

Distrust, and gen'ral discontent,
prevail'd;

But when (he best knows why) his
spirits fail'd,

When, with a sudden panick struck,
he fled,

Sneak'd out of pow'r and hid his
recreant head;

When, like a Mars (Fear order'd
to retreat)

We saw thee nimbly vault into his
seat,

Into the seat of pow'r, at one bold
Leap,

A perfect connoisseur in statef-
manship;

When, like another Machiavel, we
saw

Thy fingers twisting, and untwist-
ing law,

Straining, where godlike reason
bade, and where

She warrant'd thy mercy, pleas'd
to spare,

Saw thee resolv'd and fix'd (come
what, come might)

To do thy God, thy King, thy
country right;

All things were chang'd, suspense
remain'd no more,

Certainty reign'd were doubt had
reign'd before.

Y

All

All felt thy virtues, and all knew
their use,

What virtues such as thine must
needs produce.

He then proceeds to draw another portrait of the character of Lothario, whose leading features are thus delineated:

To whip a top, to knuckle
down at taw,

To swing upon a gate, to ride a
straw,

To play at push-pin with dull brother
peers,

To belch out catches in a porter's
ears,

To reign the monarch of a mid-
night cell,

To be the gaping chairman's ora-
cle,

Whilst, in most blessed union,
rogue and Whore

Clap hands, huzza, and hiccup
out, encore,

Whilst grey authority, who slum-
bers there

In robes of watchman's fur, gives
up his chair,

With midnight howl to bay th'
affrighted moon,

To walk with torches through the
streets at noon,

To force plain nature from her
usual way,

Each night a vigil, and a blank
each day,

To match for speed one feather
'gainst another,

To make one leg run races with
his brother,

'Gainst all the rest to take the Nor-
thern wind,

Eute to ride first, and he to ride
behind,

To coin new-fangled wagers, and
to lay 'em,

Laying to lose, and losing not to
pay 'em;

Lothario, on that stock which na-
ture gives,

Without a rival stands, tho' March
yet lives.

* * * * *

Is the soft nature of some easy
maid,

Fond, easy, full of faith, to be
betray'd?

Must she, to virtue lost, be lost to
fame,

And he, who wrought her guilt,
declare her shame?

Is some brave friend, who, men
but little known,

Deems ev'ry heart as honest as his
own,

And, free himself, in others fears
no guile,

To be ensnared, and ruin'd with
a smile?

Is law to be perverted from her
course?

Is abject fraud to league with brutal
force?

Is freedom to be crush'd, and ev'ry
son

Who dares maintain her cause, to
be undone?

Is base corruption, creeping
through the land,

To plan, and work her ruin,
underhand,

With regular approaches, sure,
tho' slow,

Or must she perish by a single
blow?

Are kings (who trust to servants,
and depend

In servants, (fond, vain thought)
to find a friend)

To be abus'd, and made to draw
their breath

In darkness thicker than the
shades of death?

Is God's most holy name to be pro-
fan'd,

His word rejected, and his laws
arraign'd,

His servants scorn'd, as men who
idly dream'd.

His

His service laugh'd at, and his son
blasphem'd?

Are debauchees in morals to pre-
side?

Is faith to take an atheist for her
guide?

Is science by a blockhead to be
led?

Are states to totter on a drunkard's
head?

To answer all the purposes, and
more,

More black than ever villain
plann'd before,

Search earth, search hell, the
devil cannot find

An agent, like Lothario, to his
mind.

Who this hateful character of
Lothario means to represent we
hardly dare venture to guess; but
to be sure it must be intended as a
Contrast to the amiable portrait of
Lord Sandwich, since the poet
concludes the whole by saying,
that nature

—Having brought Lothario
forth to view,

To save her credit, brought forth
Sandwich too.

After expatiating very largely on
his lordship's ministerial virtues,
he considers him in the particular
light of a Candidate for the high
stewardship of the university of
Cambridge, on which occasion he
takes an opportunity to draw the
characters of some of his lordship's
adherents, of which the following
may serve as a specimen.

Of stubborn virtue, marching to
thy aid,

Behold in black, the liv'ry of their
trade,

Marshall'd by form, and by dis-
cretion led,

A grave, grave troop, and Smith is
at their head;

Black Smith of Trinity; on chris-
tian ground

For faith in mysteries none more
renown'd.

Next (for the best of causes now
and then

Must beg assistance from the worst
of men)

Next, (if old story lies not) sprung
from Greece,

Comes Pandarus, but comes with-
out his niece.

Her, wretched maid! committed
to his trust,

To a rank Letcher's coarse and
bloated lust,

The arch, old, hypocrite
had fold,

And thought himself and her well
damn'd for gold.

But (to wipe off such traces
from the mind,

And make us in good humour
with mankind)

Leading on men, who, in a col-
lege bred,

No women knew, but those which
made their bed,

Who, planted virgins on Cam's
virtuous shore,

Continued still male virgin's at
three-score,

Comes Sumpner, wise, and chaste
as chaste can be,

With long as wife, and no less
chaste than he.

Are there not friends too, enter'd
in thy cause,

Who, for thy sake, defying penal
laws,

Were, to support thy honourable
plan,

Smuggled from Jersey, and the
Ile of Man?

Are there not Philomaths of high
degree

Who, always dumb before, shall
speak for thee?

Are there not proctors, faithful to
thy will,

One of full growth, others in
embryo still,

Who may perhaps in some ten
years, or more,
Be ascertain'd that two and two
make four,
Or may a still more happy method
find,
And, taking one from two, leave
none behind.

From Cambridge our author's
Pegasus crosses the country, and
transports the bard to Oxford,
where also he is as lavish of his
Panegyrick as to her sister univer-
sity; as an example of which, take
the following characters.

Philips, the good old Philips,
out of breath,
Escap'd from Monmouth, and es-
cap'd from death,
Shall hail his Sandwich, with that
virtuous zeal,
That glorious ardour for the com-
mon weal,
Which warm'd his loyal heart, and
blest'd his tongue,
When on his lips the cause of
rebels hung.

Whilst womanhood, in habit of
a nun,
At M———lies, by backward
monks undone;
A nation's reck'ning, like an
alehouse-score,
Whilst Paul the aged chalks behind
a door,
Compell'd to hire a foe to cast it up;
———, shall pour, from a com-
munion cup,

Libations to the goddess without
eyes,

And hob or nob in cyder and excise.
From those deep shades, where
vanity, unknown,

Doth Penance for her pride, and
pines alone,

Curs'd in herself, by her own
thoughts undone,

Where she sees all, but can be seen
by none,

Where she no longer mistress of the
schools,

Hears praise loud pealing from the
mouth of fools,

Or hears it at a distance, in def-
pair

To join the crowd, and put in for
a share,

Twisting each thought a thousand
diff'rent ways,

For his new friends new modelling
old praise,

Where frugal sense so very fine is
spun,

It serves twelve hours, though not
enough for one,

King shall arise, and, bursting
from the dead,

Shall hurl his pie-bald latin at thy
head.

Burton (whilst awkward affecta-
tion's hung

In quaint and labour'd accents on
his tongue,

Who 'gainst their will makes ju-
nior blockheads speak,

Ign'rant of both, new Latin, and
new Greek,

Not such as was in Greece and
Latium known,

But of a modern cut, and all his
own;

Who threads, like beads, loose
thoughts on such a string,

They're praise, and censure; no-
thing, every-thing;

Pantomime thoughts, and stile so
full of trick,

They even make a Merry Andrew
sick,

Thoughts all so dull, so pliant in
their growth,

They're verse, they're prose, they're
neither, and they're both)

Shall (tho' by nature ever loth to
praise)

Thy curious worth set forth in
curiously phrase,

Obscurely stiff, shall press poor
sense to death,

Or in long periods run her out of
breath,

Shall

Shall make a babe, for which, with
all his fame,
Adam could not have found a pro-
per name,
Whilst beating out his features to
a smile,
He hugs the bastard brat, and calls
it stile.

* * * * *
So deep in knowledge that few
lines can found,
And plumb the bottom of that vast
profound,
Few grave ones with such gra-
vity can think,
Or follow half so fast as he can
sink,
With nice distinctions glossing o'er
the text,
Obscure with meaning, and in
words perplex,
With subtleties on subtleties re-
fin'd,
Meant to divide, and subdivide
the mind,

Keeping the forwardness of youth
in awe,

The scowling Blackiston bears the
train of law.

On the whole, there is much
keen humour as well as strong
poetry in this performance. The
poet, we think, has been peculiarly
happy in this introduction, from
which he proceeds with more than
usual address to his subject, which
we the rather take notice of, as
our author's poetical prefaces are
sometimes too much detached
from the main body of the poem,
too foreign to the nature of the
subject. As to his Panegyrick,
Churchill, as well as Pope, may
justly say of himself,

—— I'm not used to panegy-
rick strains;
Besides, a fate attends on all I
write,
That when I aim at praise, they
say I bite.

To the FANATICKS of England.

RELIGION, *truly such*, is
the strongest bond of society,
and the best support of government.
If the spirit of the Christian Re-
ligion was properly understood,
that is to say, if it was known
precisely to be what *it is*, and
what it *is not*; if it was sufficiently
inculcated on the minds of those
who govern, and those who are
governed, the human race would
become one family, and almost
all the physical as well as all the
mortal evils that infest the world,
would be removed.

If the spirit of the Christian
Religion was made the basis of
every system of government, this
earth of ours could be looked

upon as a porch to heaven; it
should be crouded with inhabi-
tants and with plenty: all the
sons of men should be linked in
one chain of harmony; nothing
should be heard on every side but
hymns to the Deity, and accla-
mations of joy between the bro-
therhood of nations. Human life
should be one continued series of
rapturous devotion and content-
ment, and Death, a wished for
dissolution to a soul whose wings
were already stretched for heaven.

But how far is this from being
the case? We see the whole human
race in arms and preying upon
each other, the Few grinding,
enslaving, corrupting, stupifying.
and

and imbruing the Many; the many detesting the few, but withheld from violence by fear, by superstition, by an ignorance of their own force, and by want of union. Like bears and wolves let loose in an amphitheatre, instead of tearing their keepers, they stupidly tear one another.

Tyranny and Superstition are the two demons by which this world is persecuted. The first is armed with thunder, and stalks in open days with all its terrors round it: The second exercises her terrors in the dark, and sends an army of spectres and hobgoblins to the assistance of the first. These phantoms never cease to bellow under some disguise or other, that tyrants have a right to destroy, and impostors a right to mislead, to misguide, and to plunder.

The spirit of the Christian Religion, instead of influencing all governments, is expended from every government. A false, gloomy, sullen religion, is set up in its place in almost all the courts of Europe, and this motley, demoniack system of fraud, hypocrisy, and oppression, is, forsooth, varnished over with the appellation of Christian.

The tree is known by its fruits. Europe is an Aceldama, where Christian Priests are the sellers, and some Christian Kings are the buyers of the life and blood of their species. Government is a monster with an hundred hands, that is perpetually employed in cutting off the hundred heads of an hydra, who is the offspring of her own womb. She labours to no purpose: A new head springs from every new amputation. To explain the allegory: the heads of this hydra are the vices which are engendred

in the very bosom of government; the hands which are employed to cut off these heads, are the laws which are vainly enacted in every country, to maintain the peace and order of society: Bad governments are the sources of all the crimes and miseries on earth, and the world is a theatre of guilt and sorrow for the following reason:—*In every Government private interest is set in opposition to the public.*

The tree is known by its fruits. In the present system of human affairs, life to most men is a burthen, existence a curse, the death bed a scene of agony and horror, and the apprehensions of death a sort of anticipated hell. Most of those who do not lose all feeling in that dreadful moment, are torn by a rack in every thought—An opening grave!—a sun going to be extinguished!—an unknown world to burst all at once on the sight of a forlorn, desolate, affrighted stranger!—an account to be settled!—a Judge to condemn!—or at best the gloomy, dismal prospect of annihilation!—a long farewell to every object that is dear to country, family, and friends!—an everlasting farewell to all hope.—In the midst of this dreadful groupe of ideas, the fatal moment approaches; Horror and Despair draw the curtains round the bed of Death, and the dreadful scene closes.

A system of government, founded on the true spirit of the Christian religion, would necessitate men to virtue; would make vice impossible, and reduce moral and physical evil to a quantity infinitely little.

There are, 'tis true, in every country, men who are called devout men, pious men, holy men, good

good Christians, &c. but not one in a thousand of these men is possessed of a grain of true religion: they are actuated by a spirit quite the reverse of the spirit of the gospel; by a spirit of rancour and persecution. Among the bigots and fanatics who usurp the name of Christians, the best Christian is the most dangerous and bloody assassin. With a prayer-book in one hand and a poniard in the other, he stabs, wherever he has the power, every man who does not believe what *he* believes, and as much as he believes. If he cannot stab with safety, he will defame, he will alarm, he will raise an outcry of impiety or heresy in the ears of power, and stab with his tongue when he cannot destroy by his dagger.

A Christian, truly such, is the most enlightened of men. He is the common friend of human kind. He loves all men for the sake of him who died for all men. Instead of hating an unbeliever, he will pity and pray for him. He will endeavour to give a great and sublime idea of his religion, by the greatness and sublimity of his manner of thinking and acting, by his universal charity, by his meekness, and by his indulgence.

He will go further; he will respect a believer of Superior Parts, and love him in proportion if he be a Good man. He will take pleasure in hearing his objections, whether he can solve them or not. The stronger these objections are, the greater will be his pleasure, being assured of the goodness of his own cause, and persuaded that truth must gain new lustre from every new attack, and in proportion to the strength of every such attack. He knows that the difficulties he cannot solve, may be

solved by some other person, and that though Certain difficulties cannot be solved in the age he lives in, they will undoubtedly receive a satisfactory solution in some other age.

He will respect unbelievers of superior parts, as instruments which God makes use of to strengthen the very buildings which they endeavour to overthrow: he will look upon every moral, free, and honest thinker, to be a Christian in the eyes of heaven. The heart of an upright man is always Christian, let the head take what bias it will. If such a man be no believer, it is because he judges wrong. Let him go on to object, to examine, to sift, and to doubt; let him not be disturbed in his enquiries—he will perhaps at last find his way through the labyrinth in which he gropes. The strongest and purest rays of belief are often struck from the dark bosoms of doubt and scepticism.

He that persecutes or defames any man for mere opinion, is an enemy to the religion he professes: by making himself odious he makes his religion odious: by forbidding examination, he makes his religion suspected.

What idea can an unbeliever form of a religion that arms all its votaries with a bloody knife; that instead of endeavouring to forge telescopes to improve the visual powers of the understanding, forges poniards to scoop the eyes of reason from their orbits.

The more a man is a sincere lover of truth, the more he ought to be supposed to respect religion. What can be a greater argument of loyalty in a subject—when the case is doubtful, or doubted—than to examine whether the per-
son

son who pretends to the sovereignty, be his lawful Prince or not?

A true subject, in this case, will ransack the four elements for proofs; he will not permit his very sovereign to ascend the throne until he is convinced, that it is *he*; until he is convinced, that no impostor assumes his name and title.

It is just the same thing with a Philosopher, the more he loves truth, the more cautious he will be, in admitting any thing for true Religion, that has not all possible human evidences to support it; he will detest the counterfeit of truth, in proportion as he respects truth itself.

A God! a divine Revelation!—Awful tremendous objects! Objects that annihilate the thinker in the contemplation of them! How cautious should men be, in the examination of these objects! What pains should not be taken to avoid illusion! What pains to cultivate and improve that reason, which alone can distinguish between true and false Religion, whether natural or revealed?

It was owing to the non-exercise of the reasoning faculties, that Mahometanism has been first established: It is owing to the same cause that it subsists still. It is owing to the imperfect exercise of reason, that the Christian religion is broken, and every day breaking into so many different sects, who hate, defame, and revile one another by wholesale, and tear one another when they can.

The Fanatick and Bigot have much less merit than they imagine. They believe blindly—so does a Mahometan. But the same turn of mind that makes them Christians in London, would make

them Mussulmen in Constantinople. They swallow down articles of faith by dozens, for the same reason that a porter swallows down a brimmer of Brandy. They believe that they may get drunk by the exhilarated fumes of opinion. What can be more flattering for the mind of man than a persuasion that he is one of God's elect; that he is distinguished by the Deity from the common crowd of mortals, by extraordinary inspirations and illuminations?

The Fanatick in fact, instead of worshipping the Deity, worships only himself. He goes to the altar as a lady goes to her looking-glass, merely to contemplate his own perfections. He prays, because he is almost confident that Heaven will refuse him nothing. He contemplates, because the contemplation warms, fires, and transports him with ideas of his own importance, and sanctity; he gets drunk at church, as others get drunk at a tavern: He reels out of church, when surfeited by devotion, and then damns, reviles, and curses every body he meets, that differs in opinion with him.

To conclude on this head—The Christian Religion, truly such, would make this world a Paradise, if the spirit of it was predominant in the breasts of those who govern; but the Religion, or rather the Forgery that goes by the name of it in most countries, and even in the Freeest countries, is an engine of oppression, persecution, and murder: the abuse of the best things is always the worst abuse.

There is a melancholy species of Fanaticism, that does vast hurt to true Religion by giving a false idea of it. Christianity, by these men,

men, is represented as a system calculated to promote retirement, sadness, a seclusion from the ser-

vice of one's country, and an indifference to the political state of mankind.

The illustrious Character of Queen MARY.

With a Print of her Majesty, finely engraved.

HER heart was early set to seek God; and we have seen, in her, the truth of what that God tells us, that *they who seek him early, find him*; for she has never yet deceived the hopes that a severely virtuous and religious education gave us; nor once occasioned a suspicious fear in any of her friends: But, on the contrary, shone out continually, a fair and great example to the whole nation, of a most firm, sincere, and unaffected piety towards God. Nor was she satisfied to do her duty singly and alone; but as the mistress of a large and numerous family, took care that all who any ways depended on her should worship God, as well as she herself; she did not only give them her example, and opportunity of place and time, but laid restraint upon them, used her authority and power to make them, at least, appear as frequent at, and serious in devotions, as they truly ought to be. She took away the scandal and reproach that long had lain upon the Court, the want of good example in a Prince. I should be loth to raise her character at any one's expence or cost besides. Her virtue and devotion stand in need of no advantage by comparison. I dare not think that such degrees of goodness are so absolutely necessary to every private Christian, much less to every Prince, that

without them, they may not be, through God's mercy, both good and happy people. And, therefore, I have no design to represent her otherwise than imitable by every private Christian. I am not inclined to say one word, but what I think you all believe beforehand. The place we stand in, and the men we are, forbid us to Invent or Speak uncertainties; or any thing that will not some ways tend to edification: Nor is there need of any thing besides, for we are able, with good assurance, to present to all her people, a young, a beautiful, and powerful Queen, a *perfect pattern* for their imitation in all that is exactly virtuous and religious. Her station was so much malign'd, that, hearing nothing of this head, from the most scrupulously curious nice observers of her life, we ought in reason to conclude her truly holy and unblameable to all the world; and God alone can see into the heart. The external of a man is only known to man, and that alone can be proposed to imitation: And therefore I wish I might effectually recommend her public outward carriage in the house of God to all this audience, and especially to those of her own sex. It was so decent, unaffectedly devout, so grave, so serious, and composed, that it is fit for every one to think on, and to

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reform.

reform that light and gay behaviour that is much too common in these places. She knew the eyes of all were often intent upon her, and therefore took all heed to give a good example; but knew, moreover, that she herself was more immediately in God's presence, and therefore so behaved herself as best becomes an humble supplicant before the

throne of his adorable, all-powerful Majesty. These things become us to commend, because they are so fit for private imitation; frequent attendance upon God's service, and a religious grave deportment there, are duties by command: and 'tis not much to hope, they may be greatly promoted by so extraordinary an example.

A QUESTION to Naturalists.

ABout 30 years ago at a great cock match at Chester, between Mr. Molineaux and a gentleman in that neighbourhood, two cocks were pitted, on which both parties had great dependance; as knowing the breed of both to be of the best courage. The cocks looked at each other, pecked the turf, and walked about unconcerned; corn was thrown down to them to provoke their resentment; they eat the corn, and walked about as before; a hen was brought to them to excite a rivalry, they both cover'd the hen, but without the least appearance of jealousy on either side; they then were taken away, feathers

of other cocks were stuck on each to disguise them, on a supposition that they might formerly have been acquainted, but without effect; fresh cocks were brought to each, and each fell furiously at the cock with which he happened to be pitted; after being in this manner provoked to rage, they were again pitted, but no art could induce them to fight each other, and it was agreed to draw them both.

The question to be solved is, What probable reason can be assigned for the extraordinary forbearance of these two animals to each other, so contrary to the general instinct of their species?

An Anecdote of AUGUSTUS CÆSAR.

THAT Emperor, who was cotemporary with those two great Roman Poets Virgil and Horace, not only received them under his patronage and protection, and honoured them with a share in his friendship, but even, after the fatigue of public business, in his retirement and leisure

hours, frequently admitted them to a familiar converse with him.

Upon one of these occasions, when they were thus familiarly conversing together, the subject of their discourse turned upon the eloquence of Cicero, and the wonderful effect his Orations generally had upon his auditors.

Says.

Says the Divine Virgil, I have heard that the force of his eloquence was so surprising, that whenever he spoke in the senate, it not only caused a most profound silence there, but that even many of his hearers were so overcome by the power of it, that they often stood motionless, like statues, and seemed as if they were fascinated. To which the courtly Horace replied, that what he had heard was certainly no more than real matter of fact, and that he could produce a similar instance, of which he himself was an eye-witness. For, continues he, happening to be in the Senate-house at the time when Cicero was making an Oration, in defence of Caius Ligarius, whom Julius Cæsar had impeached of many crimes, and then stood in the Senate, with some papers in his hand, ready to produce as evidences of the truth of those accusations he had laid to his charge; it was observed by myself, as well as many of the Senators then present, that when Cicero came to one part of his Oration, the Great Julius, who was no mean Orator himself, was so confounded with the force of his arguments, and the energy of his words and action, that he turned pale, trembled, and even dropped the papers out of his hand; so amazing was the force of that sublime Orator's elocution! When Virgil and Horace had done speaking, Augustus, having paused for some time, thus addressed himself to them; "My friends, says he, the instances you have just now brought, are indubitable proofs of the superior eloquence of the great man we are now talking of, and who (if it had not been for the malice of Mark

"Anthony) instead of having his
"head struck off and set up over
"that place from whence he so
"justly and often used to charm
"us with his exquisite Oratory,
"might now have made a fourth
"person in this small assembly;
"as I should undoubtedly have
"esteemed it a peculiar happiness
"to have had so excellent
"a man ranked amongst the number
"of my dearest friends, and
"whom I would very gladly have
"saved; and was extremely
"grieved at his taking off:—
"But to digress no further, says
"he, I now come to the main
"point I intended; for notwithstanding
"I have before admitted
"the two instances you have already
"recited, are admirable
"proofs of the truth of what they
"were intended to enforce, yet I
"have vanity enough to think I
"can produce another of full as
"strong, if not stronger force
"than either of those you have
"already mentioned, and which
"I the rather chuse to mention,
"as it greatly redounds to the honour
"of our Roman ladies; and
"though but a tacit, is yet a
"convincing proof of their good
"sense; which is this: I remember,
"says he, in my younger years,
"that I have often had the happiness
"to be in mixed conversations where the great
"Tully has made one of the
"company, and upon most occasions
"we had many of our Roman
"ladies amongst us; notwithstanding
"which, I could with pleasure observe, that
"whenever our great Orator began
"to speak, though but upon the most
"common topic, it was always
"attended with the profoundest
"silence; so that, says the
"Emperor, with a smile, even
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“the very women were more delighted to hear him talk, than in talking themselves.”—The manner in which the Emperor related his short narrative, and the witty remark with which he concluded it, could not fail to be highly diverting to our two Poets, who readily acquiesced in his Majesty’s opinion; and Horace, with a respectful smile, added, that there certainly could not be a greater encomium paid to the merit of Cicero, as an Orator, than the instance which his Majesty had just now mentioned; and thus ended their conversation so far as related to that great Orator, and with which I shall likewise conclude

this letter, after having observed, that there seems to be a great resemblance between Augustus Cæsar and our Charles the Second, in this feature of their characters, (though in all other points they are vastly different) in that they were both of them witty men themselves, and both greatly delighted in the company of such as were so, and whose reigns were both remarkable for the appearance of many geniusses of the first class, which has given occasion to some writers to give the latter part of the reign of King Charles the Second, the appellation of the Augustan age.

Advice to Young Apprentices.

I Shall now suppose the youth has made choice of his education, has signed his indentures, taken leave of his mother, and is fairly settled with his master; who I shall presume to be a man of good-nature, sagacity, and knowledge of his business: I would have such a lad consider that he has made the first step into the world of business, and has fixed himself for life in one certain sphere of action, that his future happiness in this world, and, in some measure, his hopes of another, depends upon the use he is to make of the present time. If hopes of bread, prospect of wealth, and a settlement for life in the world, can have any weight upon the mind, they ought to take place now.

As we suppose he has fixed upon his business from a natural

liking, or turn of mind, we must believe he at first takes delight in the same; this liking he must keep up, by often reflecting what an advantage it will be to become master of it: the greater affection he discovers to it, the greater application he gives to it, the sooner his labour will be over; for a tradesman no sooner becomes possessed of the mystery of the craft, than the uneasy laborious part of it vanishes: the ready and expert workman does his business with pleasure; he scarce feels the instruments he uses; every thing goes on smoothly: whereas the bungler works, toils, struggles, and is more oppressed with his own ignorance, than the weight of any thing else.

To obtain his master’s goodwill, he must be diligent in his business, and consider that it is a crime

crime against moral honesty to trifle away his time, when he should be employed in his master's work; he ought to be diligent, and apply closer in his absence than in his presence, and make conscience of the discharge of his duty. By this conduct he not only acquires his trade sooner, and promotes his master's interest, but from it he may expect the protection and assistance of divine providence in his future life; for this reason also he must be faithful in every thing that is entrusted to his care or management: he should look upon his master as his parent, and be as watchful over his interest as that of his father and mother. The character of honesty and integrity, which this is the time to acquire, will contribute more to his success in business and his real peace of mind, than every other qualification: art and ingenuity without honesty can be of no use; all mankind shun the villain, and chuse rather to deal with the bungler than the designing, crafty knave, though ever so expert in his business. Honesty is a stock, sets up the tradesman without money, procures him respect even in poverty, and a friend in a country where he has no relations.

The apprentice, who would live in peace with his master and family, must interfere as little as possible in the domestic concerns of his house: he must keep close to his business, and mind nothing else; he must avoid tattling between servants, or carrying stories between husband and wife. He ought to be ready to do his mistress all the good offices in his power, and if he has any complaints to make of her, let him endeavour to have them taken

notice of by the master himself, without making the complaint. He must keep his master's secrets, both in relation to his craft and dealings, and to the private affairs of his family: he must carry no tales to his neighbour's house, or entertain his friends at the expence of his master and mistress's reputation.

He ought to take his master's advice and reasonable correction, with the same submission as if he was his father; he must consider him in the place of a parent, and that what he says must be for his good and advantage.

A lad, grown to some years, must carefully avoid idle company and ale-houses; the time he spends there must be stolen from his master, or encroach upon those hours necessary for rest. Late hours, though he should have an opportunity to keep them without his master's knowledge, destroy his health, and give him a habit of drinking and a love of company, the great bane of all tradesmen. That time his master can spare him, or can be taken from his hours of rest, he ought to employ in learning to write, read, cast accounts, drawing, or any other qualification suitable to his station. The knowledge he reaps will afford, while he lives, pleasant reflections, resulting from the consciousness of having employed his time to useful purposes.

Women is another strong temptation to apprentices to go astray. The blood runs warm in their young veins, and they are naturally prone to gratify the new-grown appetite. Against this evil the young apprentice must exert all the force of reason, interest, and religion; he must consider

he risks his health, and plunges himself into a sea of diseases when he embraces a common woman; not only endangers his health, but his morals; their arts, their blandishments and snares are such, that sooner or later, they tempt their votaries from one degree of vice to another, till ruin, diseases, and a shameful end finishes their catastrophe. As to what is called lawful love, courting a woman to make a wife of, that desire ought to be checked in the bud; for an apprentice is never completely miserable till he has got a wife: he ought to consider marriage as a matter of the last consequence to his peace, not to be undertaken rashly at any age, but on no account to be enter'd upon till he is settled in a way of providing for a family; let him consider if he has nothing to depend on but his trade when out of his time; that he ought to live some time single, to try to save something to fit him for entering into such a chargeable state: if he cannot save when single, how can he propose to maintain a family upon his wages? What a dreadful thing is it for a man to see a wife and children in want, and he unable to support them? It is worse than death to an honest man, and therefore ought to be maturely weighed before we reduce ourselves to that dilemma.

Great care ought to be taken in the choice of company: idle, profligate fellows ought to be shunned: we soon partake of the manners of those we converse with: their vices, by being frequent, become familiar to us, and by degrees, steal insensibly upon our minds, and convert us into one of themselves.

Above all, gaming-company ought to be avoided: even gaming for amusement is pernicious to the mind of youth, the habit soon grows ungovernable, and the itch of gain, too prevalent in most natures, draws us on by degrees to love gaming for the sake of money, which we formerly loved only for diversion; and when that spirit once possesses us, all sense of honesty is lost, we are uneasy when we are not engaged in play, suffer all the tortures of the unhappy when fortune has been unfavourable, and to repair the breach made by our folly, run all the lengths that craft, despair, and villainy can suggest: therefore the young apprentice who values his integrity, his peace of mind, his reputation in the world, and happiness hereafter, must shun every temptation to play, and find out some other amusement to pass away his idle hours than those games that are reckoned the most innocent.

Reverence for religion, and a conscious discharge of the duties of it, I place last; not as contributing the least to our happiness, but that in it all other considerations are centered. Without it all our endeavours are in vain, all our attempts fruitless: It is this alone that gives us a true relish of life, and the rational enjoyments in it. It is too much the fashion now-a-days to laugh at religion, and even to be ashamed of acts of devotion; but mode or fashion cannot quell the checks of an enlightened conscience, nor will be allowed as a good plea at the grand tribunal. Let the young apprentice then be constant in his devotions to the supream being, live in a constant fear of offending against his laws, and in a thorough dependance

on his divine providence; and however unfashionable the practice may be, he must reap from it that content of mind, that sublime satisfaction, which no earthly enjoyment can afford him; may ra-

tionally expect success to attend his endeavours in this world; or, if he is disappointed in these, he may with assurance conclude, all things are ordered for his good.

An Essay on Suicide.

*Life is not to be bought with heaps of gold;
Nor all Apollo's Pnythian treasures hold;
Once from our lips the vital spirits fled,
Returns no more to wake the silent dead.*

POPE'S ILLIAD.

I May safely venture to affirm, that there is no man whatever, however thoughtless and dissipated he may commonly be, but has his serious moments of reflection, when "that bourn from which none return, strikes, as it were, an awful silence on his passions, and convinces him of the reasonableness of paying some regard to the HEREAFTER. And he is a foolish man, indeed, that allows that impression to be worn away with the first trifle that presents itself. But if he that in this short bustle of life, loses sight of the death and the judgment that is before him, deservedly merits the name of foolish; what name does he deserve, who, shedding his own blood, rushes violently into the presence of his Judge, whom he has affronted and disobeyed by a most daring breach of the first law of nature, self-preservation.

In other countries, where this crime is little known, whenever it happens it never fails to give a terrible shock to the inhabitants. I myself was witness about three years ago to a whole village in Hesse Cassel, being for several days very much affected, on an

English Serjeant's hanging himself, who having been too lavish in treating his mistress, had embezzled the King's money. But if I was pleased to remark the shock that this horrid crime made on the minds of the simple country people, it was no pleasure to observe the very different behaviour of the English soldiers.

The concern of the Boors afforded them fine pastime; and a wicked boy of a drummer told an old Catholic, that he was resolved to do the same, "and, old Daddy, says he, you will pray me to heaven again." And when the soldiers that cut down the serjeant's body, on searching his pockets found half a guinea and some silver, "D--n his odd hanging joints, (says one of them) what a fool was he not to drink out this money first?"

However shocking a crime in its own nature it may be, yet when once it becomes common and familiar, it leaves no impression of horror, or at least a very transient one, on the minds of the vulgar. That this is exactly the case with self murder in England, is a melancholy truth not to be contested, where

where those, who have no thought of religion, think it a very good way to give misfortune the slip. And on the other hand, the Methodists, when it befalls one of their own sect, which is no rarity, with a significant shake of the head and turning up of the eyes, say, "Ay,—poor man,—Satan has got commission."—"Set the saddle on the right horse's back, is an old proverb, and it were good for the interest of religion, that all its professors would learn to attribute their wickedness to themselves, and not father their sins on a convenient devil always at hand.

But as every action of a rational creature implies some meaning, let us take a view of what is implied in the unnatural crime of Suicide: reason tells us that entire submission to the will of the Supreme God, is both our happiness and duty; and the scriptures every where command it; but the self-murderer contradicts it in the flattest manner, and audaciously refuses obedience to the hand that made him. Reason tells us that God is a God of mercy, that he provides abundantly for all his creatures; and scripture tells us, "that as a father pities his children, so he pities the children of

"men." But the self-murderer contradicts this, and by his action tells his maker, that he is a cruel tyrant, and that he will not live under his government.

Scripture, reason, and experience all tell us, that the greatest evils borne with patience, become light, and that afflictions, when well endured, are sure of a happy end; but the self-murderer, unable to bear the smallest misfortune, falls in a passion with the hand that feeds him, and tells his maker, I will not wait for thy mercies. In short, no one in a christian land can commit self-murder, without telling his maker, that his gift of life is insupportable; that he despises his mercies, and defies his vengeance. But how terrible must the condition of such guilty souls be, when warm with their own blood, and their crimes unrepented of, they must appear before the insulted judge,—It is a thought too big with horror to dwell on. But would to God those that design to do the action, would dwell on it, ere it be too late, and ere they find themselves in that state where self-murder is no more to be committed.

Two Anecdotes of the famous Mr. HEYDEGER.

"THIS Heydegger is a very extraordinary person; tho' born amidst the mountains of Switzerland, in the greatest simplicity of manners, he had naturally the strongest propensity, taste, and inclination for refined and splendid diversions. He came to

England with those endowments, which would have ruined any other, but he has made a brilliant fortune of them. The English nation may be said to have constituted him Director of its public diversions; a post which has often brought him in clear five thousand

thousand pounds a year. He has been undertaker of the opera, the ridottos, and the principal entertainments at London. He is very well received at Court, and honoured with the familiarity of the chief Nobility. Being once at supper, in very high company, the conversation fell on the excellencies of the several European nations, and particularly "which" might be said, in general, to "have the most wit. The opinions were divided between the Italians, French, and English. After some short, sprightly altercations, Mr. Heydegger being asked which he thought, answered, without any pause, "It is Switzerland." This occasioned several bursts of laughter. The old Blade, however, went on in this manner; "And I "prove my decision thus; I am "a native of Switzerland; I came "into England with scarce a "shilling, and only by mere industry, I find means to get five "thousand pounds a year; nay, "and to spend the whole: Now, "I defy the most ingenious Englishman to go and do the like "in Switzerland:—Then it must "be granted that, in point of "wit, a Swiss outdoes an Englishman."—But however liberal

nature may have been to Mr. Heydegger, in genius and invention, he brought them into account at the formation of his countenance, the ugliness of which is almost frightful. He, very prudently, is the first to joke on it; and once he laid a considerable wager with the Earl of C—, that there was not, in all London, a face so hideous as his; judges were appointed, and, after a great deal of trouble and enquiries in all the bye streets, lanes, and alleys, the Earl's emissaries found an old woman of so horrible an aspect, that he concluded the wager was his; and, indeed, one and all immediately decreed against Mr. Heydegger; but he appealed, objecting to the difference of their head-dresses, and put on the old Dame's pinners, and fitted his wig on her head; this gave a turn to the affair, and his ugliness appeared to the court in such a decisive superiority, that my Lord was adjudged to pay the wager."

The former was, to be sure, a good jest of Heydegger's, and no more than a jest; but, in the latter, should not the two objects have been viewed in *puris naturalibus*, without the coiffures?

The ambitious Man punished.

Philemon lived in the center of a forest, which seemed destined by nature for the asylum of peace and tranquillity. Corroding care, remorse, and anxiety were strangers to his retirement: Ambition alone flattered herself with being one day able to gain admittance.

Philemon, favoured by the gods, offered them pure victims; a lamb or a sheep constantly expressed his gratitude for their bounties. The ground, rendered fertile by his labour, abundantly produced every thing necessary for his support. He never visited the populous cities, but to exchange

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his fruits for corn to sow his little patrimony.

When he returned, his cottage appeared more lovely than before. Ebony, gold, and ivory, indeed, which adorn the palaces of the great, did not display their splendours in the abode of our philosopher; his own industry had provided his whole furniture, which, tho' homely, was abundantly sufficient to answer all the occasions of nature.

A double inclosure of tufted trees concealed his little mansion from the eyes of the curious traveller. A clear murmuring brook offered him the constant tribute of its streams, which, by forming various meanders, rendered this happy retreat doubly delightful. Philemon sprinkled his flowers with the adjacent water, and drank himself of the same salutiferous stream; and often from a bower, dedicated to the contemplation of nature, surveyed its wandering course.

Thus happily lived Philemon; free from the flattery of deceitful friends, the insinuating caresses of a perfidious mistress, and the artful behaviour of unfaithful servants. His heart was a stranger to passion, nor did he even wish for an increase of his happiness. But at length his reverence for the gods, who had so amply rewarded his devotion, began to abate: Immediately he fancied his life was too serene, and began to complain of his destiny.

Discontent rendered him a burthen to himself; the barrier of virtue which confined his wishes was destroyed, and ambition entered that retreat, which till then, had been impregnable. Being in possession of this small abode, she summoned all her retinue of chi-

merical projects, to attend her at the cottage of Philemon, who was soon too sensible of their cruel effects.

The gods, irritated at his conduct, withdrew from him their favours; the thirst of riches inflamed him; ambition augmented his desires, and even engaged him to beseech the gods to tender propitious those projects he had formed himself, without their approbation.

Philemon had for some time neglected offering sacrifices to the gods, but now repeated them with greater fervency than ever. The blood of his chosen flocks now smokes upon their altars.

One day, in the frenzy of his imagination, he prayed to the gods to change the little brook, which glided by his cottage, into a river and his small boat into a ship laden with the treasures of the Indies. A clap of thunder immediately succeeding his prayer, Philemon concluded that his wishes would be accomplished, and boldly leaped into the little boat. Philemon now thought the happy moment was arrived; but, alas! it was but the prelude to his misfortunes. And ambition, who had inspired him with these chimerical projects, now abandoned him to his own folly.

Immediately the brook began to swell, the torrents tumbled from the adjacent mountains, and, mixing their foaming waters, swept away the lands with their rapid course. The boat suddenly changed into a ship, was lifted up by the waters, and hurried away with the greatest violence. Philemon contemplated, with rapture, the large heaps of treasure in his ship; but could not behold, without regret, the destruction of his

his dear cottage, where he had lived above twenty years in the greatest tranquillity.

The ship was hurried away, by the foaming torrent, into the pathless ocean. Philemon now began to recover from his frenzy, and recollecting that he had omitted imploring the gods to conduct his ship into an harbour of safety, endeavoured to atone for that neglect; but it was now too late: The gods who before were his protectors, were now deaf to his cries.

Horror began to invade the breast of Philemon; the mountainous surges of the ocean threatened destruction; a terrible tempest assaulted the ship, which, striking against a rock, sunk with all her riches.

Philemon, for some time, supported himself against the boisterous element, which at last

threw him on a desert coast; where, after acknowledging he was justly punished for his indiscretion, he expired on the shelly beach.

From this example, we should learn to be contented with the station in which providence has thought proper to place us; and to let all our wishes be regulated by prudence, lest, with Philemon, we become the victims of our own folly.

Content alone can all our wrongs redress,

Content, that other name for happiness.

'Tis equal if our fortunes should augment,

And stretch themselves to the same vast extent

With our desires; or those desires abate,

Shrink and contract themselves to fit our state.

On the Ridiculousness of Pride.

THERE is no passion which steals into the heart more imperceptibly, and covers itself under more disguises, than Pride. For my own part, I think, if there is any passion or vice which I am wholly a stranger to, it is this; though, at the same time, perhaps this very judgment, which I form of myself, proceeds in some measure from this corrupt principle.

I have been always wonderfully delighted with that sentence in Holy Writ, 'Pride was not made for man.' There is not, indeed, any single view of human nature, under its present condition, which is not sufficient to extinguish in us all the secret seeds of pride;

and, on the contrary, to sink the soul into the lowest state of humility, and what the School-men call self-annihilation. Pride was not made for man, as he is,

1. A sinful,

2. An ignorant,

3. A miserable being.

There is nothing in his understanding, in his will, or in his present condition, that can tempt any considerate creature to pride or vanity.

These three very reasons why he should not be proud, are, notwithstanding, the reasons why he is so. Were he not a sinful creature, he would not be subject to a passion which rises from the depravity of his nature; were he not

an ignorant creature, he would see that he has nothing to be proud of; and, were not the whole species miserable, he would not have those wretched objects of comparison before his eyes, which are the occasions of this passion, and which make one man value himself more than another.

A wise man will be contented that his glory be deferred till such time as he shall be truly glorified; when his understanding shall be cleared, his will rectified, and his happiness assured; or, in other words, when he shall be neither sinful, nor ignorant, nor miserable.

If there be any thing which makes human nature appear ridiculous to beings of superior faculties, it must be pride. They know so well the vanity of those imaginary perfections that swell the heart of man, and of those little supernumerary advantages, whether in birth, fortune, or title, which one man enjoys above another, that it must certainly very much astonish, if it does not very much divert them, when they see a mortal puffed up, and valuing himself above his neighbours, on any of these accounts, at the same time that he is obnoxious to all the common calamities of the species.

To set this thought in its true light, we will fancy, if you please, that yonder mole-hill is inhabited by reasonable creatures, and that every pismire (his shape and way of life only excepted) is endowed with human passions. How should we smile to hear one give us an account of the pedigrees, distinctions, and titles that reign among them? Observe how the whole swarm divide and make way for the pismire that passes

through them. You must understand, he is an emmit of quality, and has better blood in his veins than any pismire in the mole-hill. Do not you see how sensible he is of it; how slow he marches forward, and how the whole rabble of ants keep their distance? Here you may observe one placed upon a little eminence, and looking down on a long row of labourers. He is the richest insect on this side the hillock; he has a walk of half a yard in length, and a quarter of an inch in breadth; he keeps an hundred menial servants, and has at least fifteen barley-corns in his granary. He is now chiding and beflaving the emmit that stands before him, and who, for all that we can discover, is as good an emmit as himself.

But here comes an insect of figure! Do not you take notice of a little white straw that he carries in his mouth? That straw, you must understand, he would not part with for the longest tract about the mole-hill: did you but know what he has undergone to purchase it! See how the ants of all qualities and conditions swarm about him! Should this straw drop out of his mouth, you would see all this numerous circle of attendants follow the next that took it up, and leave the discarded insect, or run over his back, to come at his successor.

If now you have a mind to see all the Ladies of the mole-hill, observe, first, the pismire that listens to the emmit on her left hand, at the same time that she seems to turn away her head from him. He tells this poor insect that she is a goddess; that her eyes are brighter than the sun; that life and death are at her disposal. She believes him, and gives

gives herself a thousand little airs upon it. Mark the vanity of the pismire on your left hand! She can scarce crawl with age; but, you must know, she values herself upon her birth; and, if you mind, spurns at every one that comes within her reach. The little nimble coquette, that is running along by the side of her, is a wit; she has broke many a pismire's heart. Do but observe what a drove of lovers are running after her.

We will here finish this imaginary scene; but, first of all, to draw the parallel closer, will suppose, if you please, that death comes down upon the mole-hill in the shape of a cock-sparrow,

who picks up, without distinction, the pismire of quality and his flatterers; the pismire of substance and his day-labourers; the white straw officer and his sycophants, with all the goddesses, wits, and beauties of the mole-hill.

May we not imagine that beings of superior natures and perfections regard all the instances of pride and vanity, among our own species, in the same kind of view, when they take a survey of those who inhabit the earth? Or, in the language of an ingenious French poet, of those pismires that people this heap of dirt, which human vanity has divided into climates and regions?

M A T H E M A T I C S.

Solution to Prob. I. in No. II.

Answered by Mr. T. Barker.

PUT x = lesser circles diameter, and y = common ratio. Then $x + xy + xy^2 + xy^3 = a$ per Question. Again $4x = AF$, $3x = DF$, $3x - xy = DE$, and $\frac{1}{2}xy = CE$ (if I take the meaning of the Question right, but the Question seems to me to be but a blind one at best.) Whence, by similar triangle, as $3x : 4x :: 3x - xy : \frac{1}{2}xy$, and from hence y is obtained, $= \frac{24}{11}$: and from above $x = \frac{a3}{1+y+y^2+y^3}$, &c.

This Problem was also solved by Mr. Isaac Tarrat.

New Mathematical Questions.

Prob. VIII. By Mr. T. Barker, of Wislet, in Suffolk.

SUPPOSE there are four wheels, the least of which is composed of 12 rounds or trundles, which is turned by a wheel of 20 cogs, those by one of 43, and all those three by another of 53 cogs: Quere the

the true number of revolutions each wheel must make, before they are all four in the same position as at their first setting out?

Prob. IX. By Mr. Joseph Duckers, of Pillsey Green.

Some time past, not having a Quadrant at hand, I erected a staff perpendicular with the plain of the horizon, and found, when the sun rose, its shadow bore N. W. by N. and sometimes after its shadow bore N. W. (on the same day) the shadow at that time being just the length of my staff. Quere the latitude of the place where, and day of the month when this observation was made?



POETICAL ESSAYS.

On a Mother's Recovery from a dangerous fit of Sickness.

Written in the Year 1761.

JUST are the ways of Providence!
Supreme
Thy sov'reign Will, all-wise Omnipotent!
And shall my grateful soul neglect to pay
Its tributary mite of Adoration
To that eternal Wisdom, which restor'd
A drooping mother to my longing arms?
Good Heaven! thou know'st what bitter
pangs of woe
Oppress'd my doleful heart, when on the
bed
Of sickness lay my worthiest, earliest
Friend---
The faithful partner of her breast in tears---
The living pledge of their connubial joys
(Sweet lamb! the comfort of advancing
years!)

In vain endeavouring to create a smile,
With all her fondling and persuasive arts,
In that benignant visage, where Disease
Had fixt his cruel residence! where Pain
(A dire concomitant!) had rudely plac'd
His fatal piercing Talons! Thou alone,
Compassionate Director of the world,
Can'st tell what anguish then oppress'd my
heart,
Which thy unbounded goodness hath re-
mov'd,
And turn'd to joy and gladness!---Recreate
Health
Once more assumes dominion!---every
nerve,
Re-strengthen'd, seems to share the gene-
ral joy!---

Preserve it gracious Heaven! and teach
my Soul!
To praise thy goodness! infinite! su-
preme!---
And may this act of tender mercy strike
A gratitude so lasting in my breast
As endless ages never can efface!

J. N.

To PHILANDER, On the Departure of Miss Polly R--- to a neighbouring Island.

AH! grieve not, Philander, thou
friendliest of men,
That thy Polly so soon must depart:
Nor distance, nor time, both so fatal to love,
Shall erase the fond thought from her
heart.

Yes, Philander, she loves thee, thy worth
she esteems;
Her affection is equal to thine!
Consol'd by this thought, drive away fell
despair,
And your breast to Contentment resign.

Too well thy friend knows how severely
the pangs
Of esteem unreturn'd must torment,
But diff'rent, Philander, far diff'rent thy
case---
On thee only her passions are bent.

In vain shall the youth of Iernia contend
Th' unparallel'd Fair-one to gain;
Her constancy, try'd by the test most severe,
Shall, like finest gold, brighter remain.
Then

Then cease to lament; a short time shall restore

This the loveliest of nymphs to thy arms;
When (believe me) that absence which
now you regret
Will, if possible, add to her charms.

Meanwhile, if thy friend can alleviate
the stroke,
Or in letter or converse to join,
If he can one moment of sorrow prevent,
Either absent or present he's thine!

J. N.

The LAUREL and TULIP, A FABLE.

SINCE *Æsop's* days, who first inspir'd
Inanimates with speech,
Each Brute, each Plant, with reas'ning
fir'd,

Can moral lectures preach:
To make their lessons strike more plain,
Great *Dennis* sprung from *La Fontaine*,
Illustrates many a well-chos'n theme
In strains from *Pindus'* top which
stream,

And all their native force maintain.—

A Preface this; to usher in
The little Tale I now begin.

Within a charming spot of land,
Adorn'd, by Nature's bounteous hand,
With ev'ry flow'r that's fair and bright,
To please the sense, or charm the sight,
Near where a spreading *Laurel* grew,
A variegated *Tulip* blew.

'Twas Spring; the chariot of the Sun
Its mid-day course had nearly run;
Enliven'd by the genial blaze,
Th' expanding flow'rs admit his rays;
The *Tulip* too amongst the rest
Supremely rear'd her stately crest;
One while her lovely self she view'd,
And lost in admiration stood;—

Then, glancing quick her eyes aside,
She saw, with heart furcharg'd with
pride,

A num'rous tribe of flow'rs in bloom,
She saw, and smelt their sweet per-
fume:

This was a mortifying sight:

"Shall those base flowers, which bud
in ev'ry field,

"A more delightful fragrance yield,
Than one in Nature's richest liv'ry
dight?

"Forbid it, Heav'n!—Yon awkward
Rose,

"Behold how insolent she grows,
"Because forsooth it smells delightful!—
"That *Pink* too glares with aspect fright-
ful!

"Yet, tho' their vermeil colours shine,
"What are they when compar'd to mine?
Thus she veil'd each neighb'ring flow'r,
That caught her ranc'rous eye,
(Which Envy, Hate and Spleen devour)
In basest terms of infamy.—

The modest *LAUREL* view'd with scorn
A breast by various passions torn;
(Tho' she herself, so hard is fate!
The Wretch's amplest censures met:
Her lovely garb of vivid green
Had rais'd the vile maligner's spleen)—

Yet, as becomes the truly wise,
Compassion streaming in her eyes,
Each gen'rous argument she try'd
To quell the silly boaster's pride.
She reason'd, urg'd and press'd in vain;
The *Belle* exclaim'd, in high disdain:

"Shall ev'ry little pauc'ry tree
"Presume to dictate laws to me,
"Who shine, of ev'ry flow'r the queen,
"In various hues and spangled sheen?"—
Thus she went on in angry mood,
Insulting and reviling;

Whilst her opponent calmly stood,
Acomonishing and smiling.—

PHOEBUS at length who heard the fray,
Withdrew each animating ray;

The black clouds wore a wat'ry frown,
And *BOREAS* puff'd the fleet rains
down,—

The *TULIP* still uprear'd her head,

Till rattling storms deprest

Her once so stately crest,

And left the wretched caitiff dead:—

The wiser *LAUREL*'s prudence bent,

Till all the tempest's rage was spent:

On her the harsh wind blew in vain;

Vainly beat the madd'ring waves;

Full many a storm she nobly braves,

And rears her modest head to grace the
lawns again.

An Address to the Town, on the Opening of Mary-bone Gardens, 1764.

SONG. Mr LOWE.

SEE, see, the W'nt'ry clouds disperse,
Again from icy chains unbound,
The feather'd bards their theme rehearse,
And teeming nature blooms around:
Hark, hark from every verdant spray,
How bursts, how swells the grateful lay,

In

In all their gaudy robes anew,
Fair FLORA decks her festive crew.

Let, then, the genial call invite,
While Nature round, thus gaily smiles,
The sportive heart, to share delight,
That grief and wrinkled care beguiles:
Tho' dignity and splendor here,
But in their infant robes appear,
We boast from Nature's hand a grove,
Which time and favour may improve.

RECITATIVE. MR. LOWE.
And here shall every art conspire,
That modest mirth may safely blend,
The Grape's best juice, the Muse's fire,
And Novelty, Amusement's friend:
Here, too, a darling Warbler flies,
For shelter from inclement skies;
Nor can ye, sure, the boon refuse,
'Tis Vincent for protection sue.

SONG. MRS. VINCENT.
That novelty does o'er our passions prevail,
Is a maxim so common, so trite, and so stale,
That I need not to blush in this place to appear,
Nor need you to wonder at seeing me here.

Most men, and most women, philosophers say,
This fickle dominion of fancy obey;
Yet, some authors advance, that on earth's ample round,
There is nothing in fact, new or strange to be found.
Yet, that still there's a generous Few to be found,
Who with constancy, sense, and good-nature abound;
Who for servants once favour'd, a friendship can feel,
I hope I'm convinc'd, and to those I appeal.

"For whatever we write, or whatever
"we say,
"Or however our talents to please we
"display,
"Tis the same thing repeated again and
"again,
"Only changing the habit, or shifting
"the scene."

VERSE. MRS. LAMPE.
While thus the fair creation glows,
With vernal sweets, and rosy May,
Doth every fragrant bud disclose,
With elegant profusion gay:

Let not your frowns obscure the scene,
Nor let a captious Critic's spleen,
Our frail attempts too nicely scan,
But still be candid, where ye can.

VERSE. MISS HIGNAT.
As the thief at the bar looks his judge in the face,
Or the timorous dove, when the hawk gives her chase,
Is with terror confounded; so fearful am I,
Of the Critic's nice ear, of Discernment's keen eye.

VERSE. MISS MOYS.
Nor am I less divided, 'twixt hope and despair,
But I know you'll be candid, then what should we fear?
We can do but our best, if we do not succeed,
At least you'll accept of the will for the deed.

CHORUS.
Hither, hither, then resort,
Queen of Pleasure, Queen of Sport:
Bring thy cheerful train along,
Join our Mirth, and join our Song.

The Disaster.

FROM grots and streams, where
Shepherds sing,
And the soft muse attunes the string,
In sylvan song, to mirth and love,
And warbling linnets fill the grove,
In higher flight, a rustic muse
Is said a loftier theme to chuse,
In town, where idle fashions reign
With revolution quick, the vain.
'Twas Sunday morn, the bell was done,
The church was fill'd, the prayers begun:
When Chloe, dress'd in all her state,
With easy step approach'd the gate;
A moment, to adjust her dress,
She stopp'd---what maid in town takes less?
Then up the aisle she gently goes,
Salutes her friends with courtesies, bows;
Whilst deep attention gains the throng,
Admiring, as she sails along;
Enchanted with her shape, her air,
Her features, neck, and jetty hair;
But more engag'd with those soft joys
Fashion displays for love's decoys:
The gentle h ave, the wanton bound,
A warmer thought create around
Than

Than zeal, or prayer; the half-bent knee
Neglects at once the Deity:
Struck with her charms, the devout eye
Forgets its uplift piety;
And all the congregation pray'd,
Thoughtless of aught but of the maid:
The rake, with transport in his eyes,
Vows to his bed the ready prize;
The lover, who but virtue warms,
Loves, hates, and yet admires her charms;
The libertine alone, whose eye
Is catch'd by sensuality,
Loves her the more, the more is shewn;
And thus by shame she wins renown.

Whilst deep attention fill'd the choir,
And Heaven was rival'd by desire,
Her glove was dropp'd—Unfortunate!
Her footman held the door in state;
Without regard the careless maid
Stoops to the ground her beauteous head;
Alas! ill-fated moment! then
Her stars predicted coming pain;
Oh thoughtless Chloe—But from whence
The poet's plaguing negligence?
Why stays my pen? Or Whence the cause
My muse forgets good manners, laws?

Nature, that hates dull slavery,
Prompt in itself to liberty,
Gave fashion, with an easy bound,
The slip, and claim'd her native ground;
The snowy orbs that, long depress'd,
Had forfeited their right of rest,
Now, in their native splendor crown'd,
Full feast each gazing eye around;
Their virgin pride, their youthful swell,
Ten thousand added beauties tell;
Their quicker motion, pant, and heave,
Ten thousand warm ideas give;
The glow of blushes all impart
Love's strongest passions to each heart.

In beauteous confusion now,
With eager step, she gain'd the pew;
With all her arts then quickly strove
To reinstate the orbs of love:
All art was vain—The priest too stares,
And, for a moment, left his prayers;
The congregation paus'd; and then,
With double ardour, cry, Amen.

Now Fortune of her wrath relents,
To Chloe's wish at length consents:
Each eye, full feasted, was withdrawn;
She hid her blushes with her fan.
The story full employs the hours;
No one for nothing Heav'n devours
With greedy prayer; religiously
The tale goes round; and piety
Forgets her task; her vows and Gods
Exchang'd for whispers, looks, and nods:
Diverted, ev'ry nymph can find
Some entertainment in her mind;

Quick to communicate that's wife,
Conjecture, satire, or advice:
Some raising heartily their star,
It did not happen to their share;
Lest the disguise, which now will pass,
Expos'd, might shame their age and face;
Some too repine, not knowing why,
With envy, lust, or jealousy;
But she,—poor Chloe!—knows the pain
Of such disaster;—grown less vain;
In spite of fashion, vows to dress
Less shameful, with more happiness.

A MONODY.

THE other day I went to Roger's
house,
Who'd lately lost poor Madge, his loving
spouse;
Shock'd, I expected to have found 'em all
With frowns doubled, weep about the
hall;
But strange! I heard, pray drink about
good folks,
And fidlers all play up, play up my Bucks;
Play Madge's Monody, and let's be merry,
And drink her a good passage o'er the ferry;
Her loss, odzoons, 'tis folly to rehearse,
For who would change a blessing for a curse?

To the World.

OBSERVE a man thro' ev'ry scene of life,
Bless'd in estate, in children, and a
wife;
And something you will ev'ry hour find,
To spoil his pleasures, and distract his
mind.
The greedy miser makes his sole employ,
To heap up riches others may enjoy;
And is the pleasure that from this he
gains,
Even half enough to recompence his
pains?
Be then content with that decree of fate,
That's first thy lot, and first thy destin'd
state.
Be wise, and wholly on thy God rely;
This world's vain pleasures, and its pride
defy.
Whilst cankering cares this mortal life
surround,
In Heaven alone true happiness is found.

*Foreign and Domestic Occurrences.**Leghorn, April 24.*

THEY write from Rome, that the captain of the English ship laden with corn for that city, but intercepted and carried into Naples by some of his Sicilian Majesty's xebèques, has been constrained to land his cargo there. The Pope has issued orders for stopping in his ports, and on his coasts, all vessels of whatever nation they may be, that shall be found laden with corn.

Toulon, April 24. We were assured some time ago that six French battalions would be sent over to Corsica, in order to curb the rebels; But now we have a different story; 'tis not France that is going to send succours to the Genoese; 'tis England that destines six-thousand men for their service; but neither report seems to be probable.

Paris, May 11. The Court of England having consented to communicate to ours, various titles and documents concerning rights, demesnes, and possessions of the crown, which are among the archives of the Exchequer, the king has appointed M. de Brequigny, of the Royal Academy of Belles-Lettres, to go and take copies of them on the spot, and he is actually set out for London. *From the LONDON GAZETTE.*

Aranjuez, April 30. His Catholic Majesty, and all the Royal Family arrived here the 25th, and propose staying here about two months.

Florence, May 5. The Duke of York left this place this morning at four o'clock, with an intention to reach Bologna this evening.

His Royal Highness has expressed the greatest satisfaction of the attention that has been shewn to him, both by this government and at Rome. The Duke proposed to stay two days at Bologna, and then go to Parma and Reggio, where both the Duke of Parma and the Duke of Modena have made dispositions to receive him.

I R E L A N D.

Dublin, May 14. The theatrical disputes still continue to engross a principal part of our conversation; and a report having prevailed that the elder Mr. Barry had agreed for the sum of one thousand pounds to let the theatre in Crow-street to Mr. Mossop, each of these gentlemen has published an advertisement, contradicting this report in the most positive terms, and declaring a fixed resolution to continue their opposition as violently as ever.—Barry, particularly, has threatened us with a swarm of Italian trumpery, to perform in the Burletta for next winter, and promised, through an extraordinary solicitude for our entertainment, to disgrace both our taste and understanding. What all this will terminate in, nobody can with certainty say: but surely we may apply to these dramatical heroes, Swift's celebrated distich on a similar contention between a couple of sdlers;

"Strange, all this difference
should be

"'Twixt tweedledum and tweedledee."

On Tuesday last the wife of one Morgan Doyle, a labourer near Kinnegad, cut her throat in so desperate a manner that she immediately

immediately expired. The perpetration of this horrid act is attributed to the behaviour of her husband, who had for some time carried on a criminal correspondence with another woman in the neighbourhood; and even that morning brought home a child, which he had by this woman, to his wife, insinuating as she valued her life, to treat it with all imaginable tenderness.

L O N D O N.

They write from Rome of the 28th inst, that his Royal Highness the Duke of York was set out from thence that evening by way of Bologna and Parma, for Venice, where his Royal Highness is to see the ceremony of the Doge marrying the Sea on Holy Thursday; and that during the fortnight the Prince had been at Rome, he was entertained in a most elegant manner by the Nobility and Cardinals: At Cardinal Albani's ball, there were all the Roman nobility of the first rank, and upwards of 600 ladies; the said Cardinal presented the Duke with a gold snuff-box ornamented with diamonds, and an onyx stone of great antiquity. The feast of Cardinal Corsini was no less brilliant, which cost, with the superb illuminations, upwards of 2000 crowns. They add, that it was assured that the said Prince had an interview with the Pope, without the form and ceremony of kissing his toe. The General of the Jesuits, and all the foreign ministers which reside in that city (except one) waited on and paid their respects to his Royal Highness.

We hear from Parma, by advices dated the 24th of April, that his Royal Highness the Duke of York was expected there on

the 5th instant. His Royal Highness having received an invitation from the Venetian Ambassador, it was thought that he would afterwards go to Venice, and be present, on the 26th of this month, at the opening of the opera.

They write from Corke, that three large ships have for some time past been loading for the Grenadoes, &c. in order to supply the new settlers with provisions, which it cannot be supposed they will have in any great plenty at their first arrival. It is said part of the loading is for the use of the garrison, and to be laid up in magazines.

A large quantity of military stores is shortly to be sent over to Guernsey and Jersey, and those islands put into the best state of defence.

We are inform'd that on Friday the 23d of June, after the usual entertainments of Vocal and Instrumental Musick at Ranelagh-house, a grand Firework, designed by Mr. Angelo, will be exhibited in the Gardens by Mr. Benjamin Clithero, by particular desire, for that night only.

Some gentlemen, who it seems are great admirers of the Highland musical compositions, have lately introduced in the musick of the guards, a great many Scotch tunes; so that on an exercising day, it is now no uncommon thing to see a file of English redcoats beating time to the loyal tune of *Over the Water to Charley*.—This, together with the statue of his—ornamented with a plaid, broad sword, and philabegs, and the intended decoration of the statue of James the Second, plainly shews our taste for every thing on the other side of the Tweed:—We hope they will introduce bagpipes next.

R b 2

A Londo

A London rider, who is just return'd from the North of Scotland, where he had some business to transact, has informed us, that in divers parts of that country, he drank good neat French claret at one shilling per bottle; brandy, geneva, and other smuggled liquors equally cheap, by which it appears, that the pernicious trade of smuggling is far from being suppressed in that part of the kingdom.

May 25. Yesterday came on, before Lord Chief Justice Pratt, at the Court of Common Pleas; Westminster, the hearing of council relating to a new trial to be granted in behalf of the King's Messengers, on account of a late trial at Guildhall, when after several learned arguments on both sides, the further consideration thereof was postponed to this day.

Leicester house, we hear, is to be pulled down, and an handsome street built from Leicester-fields to Gerrard-street.

Saville-house is now repairing and beautifying for the use of Sir George Saville, his Royal Highness the Duke of York intending to reside at his new house in Pall-mall, on his return to England.

It is said a curious fine statue of her present Majesty will soon be put up in the Hall belonging to Queen's College, Oxford; of which college the Queen's of England are, by charter, Patronesses in Succession

It is said that the French are greatly alarmed at Lord Clive's going to the East-Indies, as it may probably be the means of disconcerting their schemes in that part of the world.

Within these few days a person well known for his great zeal in the reformation of manners, bought thirty-two pounds of different sorts of butcher's meat, in single pounds, at a time, in the several markets in this city, with a view to detect the fraudulent practices of the butchers, taking care to fix a written label to each, when, upon inspection, twenty-nine, out of thirty-two, were found considerably deficient in weight. The meat was sent to the two Computers; and we are informed, the party intends to commence a prosecution against the delinquent.

A middle-aged fellow, well known about this town for some years past, by begging charity, under pretence of being born deaf and dumb, has lately been discovered to be an impostor, and he can now swear and talk and hear as well as most men: he is at present confined in Bridewell, and it is hoped will meet with a punishment according to his demerit.

Last week a table spoon and a small one were missing from a public-house at Limehouse, for which a servant girl was taken into custody on suspicion of stealing the same; but the third day a raven was seen to carry a tea-spoon to the bottom of the ground, and bury it in a lay stall, where, upon digging, they found all three, with some shillings and half-pence. The real thief being thus discovered, the suspected was cleared, with a small gratuity for the unjust charge.

On Monday last a Poulterer in Leicester-fields was convicted in the Court of King's Bench, Westminster, of wilful and corrupt perjury,

perjury, and sentenced to six months imprisonment, and to stand once in the pillory during that time.

Wednesday evening John Wilkins, Esq; returning to town from Uxbridge, was robbed of eleven guineas and some silver, by three foot-pads, near Shepherd's Bush.

Wednesday a man being intoxicated with liquor at an alehouse in Forster's-buildings, Whitecross-street, laid a wager that he would jump out of a three pair of stairs window, without being greatly hurt; and being prompt on by several low-life people, he went up stairs and throw'd himself out, and had a great part of his limbs shattered: he was immediately carried to St. Bartholomew's hospital, but without any hopes of his recovery.

Wednesday evening a young lad swimming in the Thames opposite Somerset House, called out he had the cramp, and was drowning. He continued to call out till he sunk under water, which his companions (knowing him to be a very dextrous swimmer) took no notice of him, thinking he did it in joke; but a waterman passing by, and suspecting there was more in it by the lad's struggling, providentially took him in, just as he came up the third time.

Worcester, May 17. James Pilkington, a prisoner in our county gaol, on a charge of forgery, and who has not been known to speak for some months past, or to have the least sense of hearing, still continues in the same melancholy state. — He eats and drinks but little, sleeps pretty often, and very composedly; when awake, has a fierce continued stare, neither the

lids nor balls of his eyes hardly ever being observed to move.

Last Monday morning a male child, clean dressed, supposed to be about six weeks old, but in a starving condition, was found in a field near a labouring man's house, in the parish of Leigh-Stinton, in this county; which the poor man's wife immediately took to, and happening at this time to have a child of her own at the breast, very humanely admits the poor foundling infant to partake with her own child in the suckling.

Cambridge, May 18. One day last week, a boy at Ditton, in endeavouring to get at a rook's nest, which was on a tree, fell off at a great height into the hedge, wherein was a stake which ran into his thigh, and on which he hung above half an hour, with his head hanging downwards, before he had assistance to relieve him.

Friday as six men were digging in a Gravel-pit at Sarson, the earth fell in with such violence, that it bruised them very much, particularly one of them, who had both his right arm and leg broke in a bad manner, but we hear he is in a fair way of recovery.

A widow woman who keeps a shop near the dock gates, shut up her house last Wednesday, and went to see the ship launched; and when she returned, to her great surprise, found her house robbed of fifty guineas and six gold rings, by some persons not yet discovered.

Last Tuesday as a drayman was putting a cask of beer into a public house in South-street, Gosport, the horses took fright, and ran over a young girl with a child in her arms: the child was killed, and the girl very much hurt.

Chatham,

Chatham, May 18. About two o'clock yesterday morning two militia-men, going to work, found in the road near the Blue Bell, about four miles from hence, a person who had the appearance of a gentleman, speechless and almost dead. They went immediately to the public-house, raised the family, and going back with an old gate, they laid the gentleman upon it, carried him to the house, and put him to bed, and sent to Ashford for a surgeon, who bled him. On searching him were found a guinea and some silver, a diamond ring and a gold watch. That morning a person called at the house, and knew the gentleman to be Capt. Mantle of the Navy, who had been at the election of a Coroner at Penenden heath the day before, where it was observed that his horse was unruly, and is supposed to have thrown him. He is so much bruised that it is thought he cannot recover.

L O N D O N.

On Saturday night last a woman having some words with her husband, in Jacob's-court, Peter-street, Clerkenwell, stabbed him in several parts of the body, and wounded him in a very terrible manner in the face. The poor man was carried to St. Bartholomew's hospital, where he lies speechless without hopes of recovery. The woman was committed to New Prison, Clerkenwell; and yesterday was examined before the Sitting Justices at Hicks's Hall, who remanded her back to the said prison: She behaved with great impudence, and shewed signs of the most hardened disposition.

On Sunday morning early as some young Bloods (in company with two girls of the town) were

attempting to cross the water in a boat on their return from Vaux-Hall; one of them being much in liquor, fell overboard, and pulled his female companion after him, but it being near the shore, they were soon got out, and sustained no apparent damage but the wetting of their cloaths, and he a hearty drubbing, which she gave him as soon as they arrived on Terra Firma.

Saturday night last Mr. Smith, Hackney Coachman in the Broadway, Westminster, returning from Vauxhall, was stopped by two footpads near the turnpike, who robbed him of his watch and money, and got away undiscovered.

Yesterday a bullock, overdrove by the cruel and unmerciful drivers, run out of Smithfield into the Fleet-market, where he did a great deal of mischief; he afterwards ran up Holborn, where he gored several persons, particularly a poor man by St. Giles's Church, in so dangerous a manner, that he was obliged to be carried to the Middlesex Hospital; he afterwards ran into a timber yard facing the said Church, and was there secured from doing further mischief.

Thursday night the house of Mr. Fowler in Russel-street, Bloomsbury, was broke open and robbed of table linnen to the value of about eight pounds: the thieves got in at the garret window, but went out at the Street-door, which they left open.

Last Thursday night the coachman to a foreign minister, who was waiting for his master in Pall-mall, descended from his box; he no sooner quitted the reins than the horses took fright, and ran full speed through Pall-mall and

Cleveland-

Cleveland-court; and in turning to go into the Stable-yard, one of the wheels went against a post, which broke the fore-glass, and damaged the chariot very much.

Friday morning a Northern sportsman having finished his negotiations at New-market, was met on his road to the North, on the hill between the Rubbing-house and Bottisham, by a single highwayman, who presented a pistol to his breast, and demanded his money; but, upon being told the truth, that a bad run had taken it all from him, the highwayman generously gave him a guinea to bear his charges: an instance of compassion seldom to be met with among his brother sportsmen. The highwayman is said to be known by the gentleman, who is too grateful to tell his name.

Friday a lady dropped a gold repeating watch at the lower end of Saville-row, which was immediately picked up by a poor basket woman, who followed the lady, delivered her the watch, and was generously rewarded with a shilling; but a well-dressed gentleman who saw the whole transaction, remonstrated so genteelly on the extreme honesty and poverty of the finder, and the little proportion there was between the gratuity and the value of the watch, that the lady took out her purse, and gave her four guineas.

Leicester-House, May 27. This day Lackey Abdeleader Hadiel, Ambassador from the Emperor of Morocco, had an audience of leave of her Royal Highness the Princess Dowager of Wales.

St. James's, May 29 The King has been pleased to constitute and appoint William Young, Esq; Receiver of all the monies arising by the sale of lands in the islands

of Grenada, the Grenadines, Dominico, St. Vincents and Tobago.

Yesterday morning their Majesties, escorted by a party of Light Horse, took an airing to Kew.

Their Majesties were yesterday noon at Vauxhall Gardens, near an hour, and expressed the highest satisfaction while they continued there.

On Monday his Serene Highness the prince of Mecklenbergh, accompanied by several of the Nobility, went to Greenwich to see the Royal Hospital, the New Chapel, &c. at which he expressed great satisfaction. He afterwards dined at the Greyhound in the said Town, where an elegant entertainment was provided.

Great preparations are making for keeping his Majesty's Birth Day, which it is expected will be solemnized with great magnificence, on Monday next, and it is hoped the Nobility will have that regard for promoting our own manufactures, that none of them will attempt to make their appearance at Court in dresses of any foreign manufactory whatever; their Majesties having long declared their intention of encouraging nothing of that kind.

We are credibly informed, that there will not be any fireworks on Tower-Hill on the King's Birth-day, on account of the melancholy accident that happened there last year on the same occasion.

There is a talk that three noble Lords of this kingdom, are shortly to be created Marquises.

This day Lord Clive will take Leave of the Court of Directors of the East India Company, and on Saturday or Sunday will set out for

Portsmouth, to embark on board the Kent.

It is said several ventilators of a new structure have been fixed, at the desire of Lord Clive, in all the ships outward-bound for the East Indies.

Monday General Leighton gave ten guineas to his regiment, after they had been reviewed by his Majesty.

On Friday last Mrs Lauchlin, a Lady who went over with her Serene Highness the Princess of Brunswick, arrived at Leicester-house from Germany.

The King of Sweden has granted a lottery for the encouragement of the Procelaine manufactory established at Stockholm.

We hear that numbers of footmen, whose masters will not allow them to take their vails, have come to a resolution of leaving their places, and trying their fortunes in our American Colonies.

A very sharp look out is now kept on the Vauxhall road, in order to detect a gang of footpads, who for some time past have committed divers robberies in that neighbourhood.

On Saturday evening last a Sergeant, belonging to the Eastern regiment of the Middlesex militia, was attacked on Highgate Hill by two footpads, who demanded his money, but he defended himself so bravely, that the villains were obliged to make off without their booty.

Last Saturday about five o'clock in the afternoon, a tradesman near Wardour-street, Soho, attempted to hang himself on the iron rails of his own house, but was prevented by the rope's breaking. He then pulled out a knife, cut himself across the belly, afterwards stabbed himself in both arms, and in half an hour expired in the most exquisite torment.

PRICES of STOCKS.

MAY 29, 1764.

Bank Stock, 115 1-half and 3-4ths.
India Stock, 154 1-half.
South Sea Stock, ———
Ditto Old Ann. ———
Ditto New Ann. 86.
3 per Cent. Bank Reduced, 85 5-8ths.
3 per Cent. Consol. 86 7-8ths and 87.
3 per Cent. ditto 1726, —
Ditto 1751, ———
Ditto India Ann. 83 3-4ths.

3 1-half Bank Ann. 1756, —
3 1-half per Cent. ditto, 1758,
91 1-4th and 91 1-8th.
4 per Cent. Consol. 1762; 98 3-8ths and 1-4th and 1-half.
4 per Cent. Navy 1763, 94 1-4th.
4 per Cent. 1763, 94 1-4th.
India Bonds, 20s and 18s pr.
Navy and Vict. Bills, 7 7-8ths per Cent. disc.
4 per Cent. Excheq. Bills, —
Long Ann. 26 5-8ths and 3-4ths.

